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A LOVE SONG.

If it were not for *one* thing, this perfect day,
I'd feel as light as a child at play;
My heart, all careless and blithe, would bound
With joy that the world spun round and round;
I would revel in sunshine, and be content,
With never a thought of what it all meant.

Yet but for this *one* thing, when troubles came,
How could I bear them and be the same?
How should I fear not each shadow's 'nervase,
Or carry my soul in patience and peace?
Ah, many a time would courage give way
But for the one thing that holds me to-day!

Thank God for the joy that deepens and thrills;
Thank God for the fear that startles and chills;
Thank God for the wonder that brings me control,
For the beautiful trouble that vexes my soul;
For the one nameless blessing that dims all the rest
Let us serve Him, dear heart, as it pleaseth Him best.

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

THE EAGER EYES OF THE TRAMP WERE FIXED WITH A GREEDY GLARE UPON THE JEWEL.

CHAPTER I.

AN OMINOUS JEWEL.

It was three o'clock of an April afternoon. The sun shone with a tempered warmth through the fleecy clouds that veiled the sky. The broad grassy levels and smooth walks of the Park were dotted here and there with parties in holiday costume; while the shouts of children at their play, and the whir of wheels as carriages passed in swift succession, added to the gayety of the cheerful scene.

There was only one figure visible out of keeping with these surroundings, a low, stout, ungainly individual, dressed in a garb that seemed to have done duty for several generations of wearers, while his face had the battered and weather-worn aspect of one who has passed through every phase of turmoil and exposure.

He sauntered along with a weary tread, and a sour expression, that promised little mirthful music from the fiddle that lay under his arm.

"It's fine to blow about making an honest living," he muttered. "Here's a hard day's work, and not enough come in for a bowl of soup and a shake-down. Honesty's just about the biggest fraud going. There's my sentiments. There's some lively brats now. Wonder if I can't squeeze a few pennies out of them."

Adjusting his fiddle, he broke into a lively dance-tune that quickly brought the children clustering round him. There was considerable talent for music in the man, ill-fitted as his rough fingers seemed for the instrument he bore, and the vibrating strings answered in melodious accents to his skilful touch.

A dozen pennies rewarded his effort, as he held out his battered hat to his audience. He struck up a new tune, which was brought to a hasty end by one of the Park Guard, who came authoritatively up.

"Come, my man, we will dispense with that," he said, severely. "It's against rules to fiddle in the Park, so put up your concern and step out."

"Agin rules, hey," said the man, as he slowly replaced the violin under his arm. "Mebbe you'll tell me what you call them?" and he pointed to an upright post, surmounted by a board with close lines of print.

"Those are the rules of Fairmount Park," replied the guard.

"And where's there a word in them agin fiddling? You're a smart covey, you are, but there's more folks can read writing."

"Get on, fellow, or I will help you on. You will find whether I know my business or not."

"That's the way," muttered the tramp, as he started slowly onward. "The big rascals tramp on the middle-size rascals, and they tramp on the little rascals, and the little rascals all tramp on me. I'm the people. I'm honesty. Honesty trudges on at the bottom, and rascality's a sport what keeps above it. Old fiddle, you won't make soup for me long. There's better fodder afloat."

Still grumbling to himself, he wandered on through the West Park, in view of the Schuylkill, and of the railroad bridge in the distance.

He finally stretched himself at full length on the grass, under cover of a small clump of bushes, laying the violin carefully beside him, as if it too needed rest.

He had lain thus but a few moments, with intense enjoyment of the warm rays of the sun, which poured now full upon him, when two gentlemen seated themselves on the bench before him, unnoticing his presence.

They were both young men, moderately well dressed, and with the quiet, sober air of persons who have been engaged in a serious discussion.

"But, my dear fellow, it is up-hill work; that you will allow," said the younger of the two, a frank, good-looking person of about twenty-five. "I know there is no disgrace in poverty, but it is confoundedly unhandy. I am neither afraid nor ashamed of work, and hard work at that, but—"

"Now don't spoil a good sentiment with a but," interrupted the other. "We are both full-fledged Americans, and honest labor is the noblest avocation in our country."

"I know all that," he was somewhat impatiently answered. "But, Will, consider all the circumstances. I am in love, and with the rarest girl that ever the sun shone on—"

"Oh, yes!" was the parenthetical reply.

"But her guardian is a purse-proud old miser, and will not let her think of a man without a long rent-roll. Because I am a workingman, with only my week's wages for my fortune, and I suppose because my coat is a little frayed at the edges, the old aristocrat orders me off his premises as if I were a dog."

"Does the girl incline to you as kindly as you incline to her?" asked Will.

"Yes; I know she loves me, and would willingly bear my lot. But the old fellow has been to her like a father, and she has some conscientious notions about her duties to him, and all that."

"Conscientious notions about duty are like gold dollars, a coin not current now-a-days," replied Will. "It does one good to hear of them again. The girl is right, and you must try and win over the guardian."

"That is out of the question," said the other, with a sigh.

"I don't know. He objects to your coat, you say. Buy a new one, then. Rig yourself out like a walking advertisement for a tailor, and see if you can't take his heart captive by your genteel appearance."

"Little good that would do. Besides, I have not the wherewithal. I am a walking embodiment of poverty this fine April day."

"Poverty, indeed!" laughed the other. "Poverty don't wear diamond breastpins. Why, man, you have a solitaire there worth a year's hard labor. If you are bad off for money, why not sell that and use it in winning this lady love? Such a living jewel is surely worth more than a lifeless stone."

"Sell this!" he exclaimed in a tone of slight alarm. "You do not know all that is involved in selling this! That would end all my hopes."

"Why, man, are you going to make deep tragedy and untold mystery out of a breastpin? All your hopes in life, then, rest upon a piece of gold and a cut stone. How? I burn with anxiety to hear this marvel unfolded! I have never seen you wear this pin before. Has it lately come into your hands?"

"No; it is a jewel that has been in the family for generations. You may call me superstitious, but there is certainly something of good or ill omen connected with this diamond. I am not giving fancies now, but facts; and I would not part with it on any consideration."

"Well, this is an entertaining prelude. I am all impatience to learn your mystery."

"You know, Will, that I am not a worthy representative of the Merivales. My ancestors have been wealthy as far back as I can trace them. There are distant branches of the family yet possessed of this ancestral wealth, but I have quite lost sight of them. This is my only inheritance, a portion of the family jewelry that no one dared make way with."

"But, why, why, why? You are as long-winded as a mill-wheel."

"Because ill fortune was sure to fall on him who parted with it, a fair lot in life to cling to him who retained it. Don't laugh, Will—I am talking of fact, not of fancy. There are family traditions showing how it passed out of the possession of several of my ancestors, and in every case misery and misfortune followed its loss. It always came back, however, and with it the good fortune that had departed."

"The sun is an hour high yet, and we are still in the nineteenth century," said Will, with a comical look, "and yet you tell me such a story as this! It would have been very credible in the days of the Arabian Nights."

"I knew you would not believe it. But whether it has all been coincidence or not, I am superstitious about it."

"I do not perceive that it has brought you any special good fortune."

"I have passed a happy life, have fallen duly in love—"

"And have been duly crossed."

"My diamond will bear me through. I have that much faith in it."

"Let me see the jewel."

The first speaker removed the pin from his shirt-front and handed it to his friend. It was a brilliant, of the purest water, and of considerable size. In the rays of the western sun it flashed and sparkled with a clear lustre, that half-blinded the eager eyes of the tramp, which were fixed with a greedy glare upon the jewel.

Its most marked peculiarity was its setting. This was of massive gold, coiled in the form of a serpent, the stone being fixed between the open jaws of the reptile. The snake represented was of no American species. Will Graham examined it closely for a moment, then turned, in some perplexity to his companion.

"It is the Cobra de Capello," said the latter, in response to his questioning look, "the deadly snake of India."

"A queer fancy," said Will. "Here, take it back. I don't want to play snake-charmer. It may bring you ill-luck if I keep it longer out of your hands."

Could he have seen the basilisk glare of the eyes behind him, he would have had reason to fear that it had brought ill-fortune already.

Robert Merivale carefully replaced the pin in his shirt front, saying:

"Little fear of that. I have no intention of parting with it."

"You have a small fortune while you keep it, at any rate," was the reply. "I will admit that much as to its lucky character. It is a very fine stone in a very odd setting. But come, the sun is getting low. We must trudge on to the city."

They rose and slowly walked on, down the winding pathway, admiring the effects of the slant sunlight upon the scene, and the rippling flow of the river at their left.

Their auditor rose also and followed them with a slouching gait, that was intended to be very nonchalant and careless. He was playing the role of an admirer of the landscape, but kept his eyes fixed on the two young men before him, and hugged the violin under his arm, in a manner that showed he had other objects in view than the enjoyment of an April evening.

In this way they crossed the bridge, and proceeded through the Park to its entrance, unaware of the figure that followed, like a dark shadow, upon their footsteps.

Taking a car at the Callowhill street entrance, they still failed to notice their persistent follower, who entered the same vehicle, and seated himself in a corner, his face half-concealed by the hat drawn over his eyes. This pursuit, in fact, did not cease till he had traced them to a house near the centre of the city.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG VIGIL.

But we must pass over several days of time, and some miles of territory, for the next scene of our story. There stands, on the western shore of the Delaware, just fairly out of reach of the dust and smoke, the confusion and turmoil of the city, a fine old mansion, surrounded by well-kept grounds, which slope to the river's edge, and are ended by an earth bank of some three feet in height, washed by the downward-flowing waters.

The grounds are planted with numerous fine trees, and have several clumps of ornamental and flowering bushes, through which the gravelled walks wind as through a close thicket, so densely have these bushes spread over portions of the grounds.

The house stands in the midst, scarce visible from the road that passes at no great distance, so closely is it environed by its verdant surroundings. It is a substantial building, designed with more attention to interior comfort than to exterior adornment, though, like many edifices of the past generation, the ideas of comfort in its builders did not fully agree with those now entertained.

It was a pleasant evening in early May, something more than a week after the events just related, that two persons stood in the shade of one of the thick clusters of bushes, at a short distance from the house. They were conversing with an earnestness and a warmth of manner that betokened strong interest in their subject, and in low tones, as if fearful of attracting attention.

One of these persons was the young man we have already met, under the name of Robert Merivale.

His companion was a young lady of about twenty years of age, and one to whom nature, in her innate kindness, had given more beauty than falls to the lot of many of her sex. Or perhaps the word handsome is more expressive than beautiful, as applied in this case. Of a clear brunette complexion, with dark, lustrous eyes, shaded by long lashes, lips with the luscious red of the cherry, revealing teeth of the pure white of polished ivory, and dark-brown hair drooping in heavy braids over her temples, her features had that clear, delicate cut, her cheek that classic contour, which poet and artist have stamped as the true insignia of beauty.

Whatever the face might have expressed under other circumstances, it was now marked with a softness and a modest color, to which the faint evening light lent a double charm.

"I love you, Marie," he said, in tender accents, his arm stealing gently round her waist. "I have loved you since first we met, with the truest, deepest affection of which my soul is capable. Alas! that fate should be so cruel to us! that your guardian should meet with so unjust a hatred a love as honest as ever man felt."

"Time, that cures all ills, shall be our friend, Robert," she said, looking up into his face with eyes that spoke more love than all his words had expressed. "'The course of true love never did run smooth,' you know. But all sad stories end in gladness, and so shall ours yet. It is but to wait and hope."

"Thanks for your cheering words, dear Marie, though your experience of sad stories has not been mine. With you I hope for the best, but it is a hope overlaid with fear and anxiety for the future."

"While our own hearts keep true we need not fear. Who can tell what happiness may yet be in store for us? Mr. Ogden has been like a father to me, and he is now taking the father's privilege of dictating my future. I cannot but obey him, at least while his authority is at all endurable."

"It is very fatherly in him, indeed, to treat you like a slave."

"You are too severe, Robert. I have had nothing to complain of in his treatment. Even his conduct toward you is but an evidence of his concern in my behalf. I cannot help hoping that he will relent, when he sees that our love survives his anger."

"He relent! He has a heart of stone, Marie, which neither fire nor water can soften."

"Indeed you are wrong. I have seen it soft as a child's heart. Consider, too, that the title of guardian which you give him is but in lieu of a juster title. The little property which he has of mine scarcely justifies such a name, and I am really dependent on him for my living."

"I do not care," he answered with some bitterness. "He has no justification for seeking to wreck your happiness. No man has the right to step between two souls united by the bonds of affection. I love you, darling, so deeply and fervently, that my whole nature burns for you, and every moment of separation placed between us is to me as a mountain in our pathway of life."

She looked up to him with eyes that swam in liquid light. A color, warm as the sunset hue on the sky, flushed her white cheek. Her whole frame throbbed with deep feeling. His words had stirred a sea of love that lay within her soul.

"Dear Robert," she murmured, in tones as soft and musical as those of the cooing dove, "you are my soul's highest aspiration. My love, my life, my all. Mountains shall not part us, nor seas divide us. If I yield to him now it is but for a time. I will not always yield."

He gazed passionately into her glowing eyes. The clasp upon her waist tightened. Their lips met in a kiss of the warmest and purest affection, a troth-plight so deep and tender that it seemed to both that no hand could break the bond that thus united them.

They were rudely awakened from this dream of love. The gravel-walk crunched under the tread of a heavy foot, and in a moment a third person appeared upon the scene in a violent haste.

It was an old man, large of frame, and stern of countenance, his whole face now reddened and distorted by the passion that possessed him. He seemed to have overheard their words, and to have burst suddenly upon them, maddened with anger.

"So, sir," he cried, in menacing accents, "this is the act of a gentleman, I suppose; prowling on my grounds when I have already ordered you never to set foot on them again. Talking your wishy-washy stuff of love to this girl, who, if she knew her own mind, would not honor you with a look."

Mr. Merivale stood pale but firm, his arm still clasping the waist of the lady of his love, his eyes fixedly meeting the furious look of the old man.

"I have given you no justification for such language," he replied. "That you ordered me from your grounds, I admit. But that you have any right to step between me and her I love I deny, nor will I take the voice of your passion as the dictate of reason."

Mr. Ogden appeared making a strong effort to suppress his rage. He took his niece by the hand.

"Come, Marie," he said. "If this person has decided to take forcible possession of my property I can only submit. I have, at least, some control over you yet, and wish you to return to the house."

She looked at him with a glance of quiet dignity that somewhat disconcerted him. He was evidently rather in awe of his ward. The slight flush on her cheek denoted a feeling of anger in her mind.

Mr. Merivale released his clasp of her waist, which he had as yet retained, saying:

"Go with him, Marie. Let me not cause unpleasant feeling between you and your guardian."

He turned and walked some steps away, apparently anxious not to bring the lady into any controversy between himself and Mr. Ogden.

She stood for a moment, as if viewing it as an act of desertion and unfaithfulness to part from his side at such a moment.

"Come," said Mr. Ogden more quietly. "I do not wish to make you unhappy, but you must yield something to my judgment and to my rights under the law. You are too young yet to do justice to my intentions, but may rest assured that I have but your own good in view."

"I am not too young to have some claim to decide what is necessary for my own happiness," she replied severely, "and am not quite destitute of natural rights. Good-bye, Robert, for the present. We will meet again."

She turned, and with a stately step followed her guardian toward the house. Her lover stood on the same spot, fondly following with his eyes her disappearing form.

But a few moments had elapsed ere Mr. Ogden returned, the more angry for his temporary repression.

"Now, sir," he loudly exclaimed, "there is no lady to stand between us. I would have you know that the ground you stand on is mine—that the lady you have dared to address is my ward, that I am master here and will permit no man to infringe on my rights. I hope you will not force me to plainly order you off my estate."

"I do not admit your right, sir, to claim a foot of earth as your own. The laws of man may sustain you; the laws of nature sustain me. You have grossly insulted me on a former occasion. I yielded then to avoid distressing your ward. But while I retain my manhood, no man shall insult me with impunity."

"So I am to be brow-beaten on the threshold of my own house! I wish I had let Marie remain here that she might learn the character of the man who has made a fool of her with his sly tongue. How dare you, sir, to creep about a gentleman's house, seeking to steal from it its dearest treasure—and to cheat a confiding girl into marrying a beggar?"

"Beggar! That is the worst term you can apply to me, and the most untrue. I have never begged from you. I only ask that which it is not yours to give. If you imagine that I have any expectations of your money, I tell you plainly that I would not blister my fingers with a cent of it though you should shower it on me."

"Don't distress yourself," he replied, with a short laugh. "You are not likely to be troubled with it; nor with my ward's either. Now, sir, I have but one word to say to you. Marie Dubois is no match for you. You are seeking her as a mercenary fortune-hunter. You are rather mistaken in that, as she has no fortune to satisfy your greed. But she is a lady, and the daughter of a lady, and should not mate herself with you if there were no other man in the world."

"And I am a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, your and her equal in birth and every other particular you can name, nor will I accept your decision as my destiny. I love this lady with all my soul; I know that she returns my love, and no man, were he ten thousand times her guardian, shall step between us."

The old man stood breathing heavily, as if half stifled with passion. For a moment he seemed about to spring upon his opponent and attempt forcibly to eject him. He then broke out in a fury of rage.

"Do you dare talk thus to me! Villain, but that I respect myself too much, these old hands should hurl you from my grounds. I know your purposes, and if you are not gone from here in five minutes I will make my servants fling you into the road. Yes, I will set the dogs on you if you force me to it by this unwarranted trespass on my property."

"I have said all and more than I intended, and was about to leave you in the joyful possession of the property you boast so much about. But as you talk of ejecting me with servants and dogs, I had better wait and give you the opportunity. I fear you would have some badly-bruised servants and dead dogs on your hands."

"You will kill my dogs, will you?" His voice was raised to a loud pitch that attracted a servant who was passing. "Here, Louis, look at this fellow! He talks about killing. Is not that creditable language to use to a gentleman at his own door?"

Mr. Merivale regarded the two of them for a moment with a cool, haughty glance, then turned, saying:

"There has been enough of this, sir. Servants are not the proper confidants of our business. What you have said I will not bear in mind, as I know that it is dictated by anger. In future I hope to find you more open to the voice of reason. Allow me to bid you good evening."

He turned upon his heel and coolly walked away, leaving the old man panting with the rage that possessed him.

"Let the dogs loose, Louis!" he cried furiously. "Drive this vagrant from my house! To be bearded thus at my own door, and by a fellow like this! It makes my old blood boil to think of it!"

The young man walked slowly on, hearing but apparently not heeding the fierce outcry of his infuriated opponent. Yet he did heed it, bitterly resented it in his soul, and doggedly determined not to leave the locality until he saw fit, no matter what means might be taken to eject him.

There was another object that helped to make up this resolution. He had been parted so rudely from Marie that he could not bear the thought of departing without again seeing her. He hoped that she might guess his intention, and seek an op-

portunity of secretly coming out to him again.

It was this that made him apparently proceed toward the road, so as to quiet any suspicion in Mr. Ogden, who might otherwise take measures to prevent his ward's leaving the house.

His inclination, but for this purpose, was to defy the violence of his adversary, and to manifest an utter disregard of his threats.

Love takes no heed of time. For several hours he continued to pace the grounds, wandering aimlessly through the shrubbery, yet carefully avoiding contact with any inmate of the house. His eyes were fixed with eager glances on the walls of the dark building, from whose windows a faint light here and there feebly shone through the drawn curtains.

But all in vain. She whom he wished came not. Darkness had gathered over the landscape. The masses of shrubbery appeared like dense clouds upon the scene. The dim illumination from the house alone slightly dispelled the gloom and made objects faintly visible. Several times he impatiently drew nearer the house, where the light lay somewhat stronger. On one of these occasions a step softly approached him, and he moved forward eagerly, sure now that the magnetism of his presence had drawn her forth to him.

But it was only the servant Louis, who started and drew back as he saw his form and face dimly outlined in the darkness.

The young man, sorely disappointed, stepped hastily away, fearing that recognition by a servant might interfere with his object. His first impulse had been to address him. But something in the man's expression repelled the eager lover, and he instinctively withdrew into the darkness.

For nearly an hour longer he roamed irresolutely about the locality, hopeless of seeing her who drew him as the magnet is drawn to the pole, yet clinging with the lover's persistence to the spot, as if happiness might be gained from the sight of the house that concealed her from his vision.

A curtain in the middle of the second story was drawn aside, and the face of Mr. Ogden appeared a moment at the window, strongly illuminated by the light of the lamp that burned behind him.

Not the lover's eyes alone had seen this face. Other eyes were fixed upon it with a stern glare. Another heart throbbed with a fierce bitterness that would have made his soul shrink in abhorrence, deeply as he felt the scorn and obloquy which had been laid upon him by the man who so unconsciously faced him.

The old gentleman dropped the curtain after a moment, shutting out the strong illumination that had fallen upon the grounds.

Robert Merivale drew further back from the house, feeling that he had allowed his judgment to be overbalanced by a lover's foolish fancy, and intending to leave the locality which he had for hours idly haunted.

A faint stir in the shrubbery attracted his attention. It appeared as if a slight wind were moving the leaves, yet the air to him seemed still. He paused a moment to listen. There was certainly a peculiar sound as of a person or animal moving with great caution over the grounds. He could see a slight movement in the leaves to his left.

It was but a moment and the noise then ceased, but he remained motionless, wondering what it could have been, and surprised to find that he was not the only prowler abroad that night.

A slight grating noise next met his ear, as if the rear door of the house had been carefully opened and closed. Attracted by this break in his long eventless vigil he seated himself on a rural chair that stood invitingly near, curious to learn the meaning of this mysterious movement.

Little dreamed he of the terrible finale so soon to end this temporary silence. For some fifteen minutes he sat resting and listening, hearing a faint murmur as of voices, that appeared to come from the direction of Mr. Ogden's room.

Then suddenly there broke upon the silent air of the night a cry so loud, agonized and soul-appalling, that his blood curdled, and his whole frame grew rigid as marble in the sudden terror that seized him.

Never had the night air more terribly vibrated with that fear-inspiring cry of "murder!" that now fell in all its terrible significance upon his ear.

CHAPTER III.

IN DEADLY EMBRACE.

During the hours in which the events above narrated had transpired, a new actor was approaching the scene.

Night had fallen on the broad Delaware, whose waters ran duskily through banks faintly outlined by their greater gloom, to bathe the front of the great city, that lay in the embrace of darkness below.

A light air from the southeast filled the sail of a small boat, whose prow rapidly cut through the watery gloom, gliding past shores all whose terraced beauty and adornment of noble mansions, was now lost under the dense veil of night. Here and there flashing lights gleamed in long lines over the water, from the river-side dwellings. Now and then the faint echo of voices, or the sound of distant laughter came to the ears of the solitary tenant of the boat. But heedless of all these signs of life as though he were sailing between the aboriginal forests, which, in primeval times, bordered the great river, he sailed on, absorbed in gloomy contemplation, clasping the tiller with the nervous grasp of an athlete.

Alone upon the shadowy stream, alone with the gloomy night, the stars veiled from his eyes, and the waters surging in darkness beneath, the thoughts that shuddered through his brain befitted yet more Cimmerian gloom, and a solitude unbroken by the heart-throbs of life which, from the shores, touched his unheeding ears.

Could the light of day for a bare instant have fallen in revealing splendor on this dismal secret of the night, it would have lit a brow more dark, a face more fixed and resolute for some cruel purpose, than was the steadfast energy of the black stream's unceasing flow.

For miles thus the swift boat shot onward through the gloom Several hours had elapsed since the night had fallen, and it was approaching the hour when the moon would pour her silvery rays upon the scene, when, near where a large mansion loomed in vague proportions upon the western bank, the crouching figure rose to animation, and with skilful hands turned his boat toward the shore. The rippling waters murmured as she cut athwart their dark flow, but in a few moments the pebbly bottom grated beneath her keel, and her prow struck the terraced bank with a sharp surge, cutting into the grassy slope. Noiselessly the sail was lowered, and the boat tied to a sapling on the low bank, while the mysterious boatman crept, with the gliding guile of the serpent, ashore, and hid himself in the bushes that grew in thick clumps over the grass-grown level of the grounds.

The mansion lay at some distance back, lost in shadow, save where a faint light glimmered through a curtained window in the second story, as if the drowsy habitation was buried in slumber save for this one half-opened eye.

From the river bank to the house the level was, as we have said, thickly overgrown with shrubbery, with occasional flower-beds, rustic arbors, and the faint white appearance of gravelled paths, which alone now broke the general uniformity of the deeply-shadowed scene.

Moving slowly onward with the same caution, after drawing his boat out of easy vision against the grassy bank, the intruder stole toward the house, avoiding the paths, and masking every step by the shrubbery, on which the solitary light by the window threw the faintest illumination.

Frequently stopping and listening intently he gradually approached the house, his burglar-like caution increasing at every step, as if he feared that some inmate of the mansion might detect his stealthy advance.

It was the sound of these cat-like steps that had met Robert Merivale's ears, audible, despite their caution, in the dead silence of the scene. It was the hand of this intruder that had softly entered the rear door of the mansion, his foot that had invaded the apartment whence came so soon that scream of agony and horror that had frozen the listener's blood in his veins.

Darkness shrouded the events of the next few minutes. Some rapid movements took place in the house and grounds, heavy bodies broke fiercely through the shrubbery—sounds as of flight and pursuit rose successively upon the air of the night.

Then Robert Merivale appeared on the edge of the river bank, just above the stranger, who stood upright in the boat below, on the point of pushing it from the shore.

With a rapid bound the pursuer sprang into the boat and grappled with this person, with a clasp that was that of no carpet knight, with the terrible energy that lies in human muscles when the struggle is for life and death.

With equal fierceness the stranger returned his deadly embrace, and the combatants stood upright in the frail boat, not a word being spoken, locked in a terrible strife in which all the savage ferocity latent in the human heart sprang into action.

Their insecure footing rocked and trembled beneath them as they sought to hurl each other from the boat. Quick, heavy breathings marked their exertions, their eyes glared fiercely through the gloom, their hot breath burned each other's face. For several minutes they stood thus, entwined as if the two combatants had grown into one monstrous creature, staggering to and fro over the bottom of the boat, in danger at every moment of being hurled together into the water by its violent rockings. Yet their strength seemed equally matched. Neither gained any advantage.

But this was largely the result of surprise on the part of the stranger, and of the fiery impetuosity of Merivale's assault. His opponent was a larger and more muscular man than himself, a fact which showed itself as soon as the intense strain of the assailant's limbs began to weaken through muscular exhaustion. All his power had been exerted to its utmost stretch at the start. The full strength of his opponent only gradually came into play.

Slowly the latter overcame the vigor of his foe, till with a strong effort he rent himself loose from the powerful grasp that had so vigorously held him. For a moment the two combatants stood separate, eyeing each other through the darkness with the fierce looks of wild beasts roused to deadly fray.

Then Merivale again flung himself upon his opponent, the first sound that had yet escaped his lips breaking upon the still air, a cry for help that rung loudly through the garden and was plainly audible in the house beyond.

With a bitter curse the stranger stepped back and met this new onset of his foe with a desperate blow, that took him full upon the temple, and hurled him headlong from the boat, he falling helplessly half upon the bank, half within the water.

The boat had loosened itself from the bank at the commencement of this fray, and floated in the clear water. Ere Robert could recover from his fall the occupant had seized an oar and pushed it strongly from the shore, the light craft darting with a quick movement far out into the dark waters.

The fallen man rose and gazed gloomily out after the receding boat, that bore beyond his reach the murderer, as he fully believed him to be. It rapidly dimmed in the close gloom and in a few minutes disappeared, utterly swallowed up by the dense obscurity that now lay heavy upon all the scene.

He could hear slight sounds from the direction in which it had disappeared, as if the occupant were setting its sail. This, too, lasted but for a moment, and then both sight and hearing lost all traces of the craft and its mysterious owner, on which in the gazer's belief rested such a terrible weight of crime.

Turning, with a quick impulse, he mounted the low bank, and fled swiftly back to the house, with an undefined thought of obtaining help and pursuing the fugitive; not realizing in his excitement how useless pursuit would be by the time they could get a boat ready, how utterly the darkness would screen the fugitive from all but that all-seeing vision from which crime can never escape.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HAND OF DEATH.

The appalling cry that had so suddenly broken the dead stillness of the night, produced a yet stronger effect upon the inmates of the house than upon the solitary prowler in the darkness without.

A nervous affright seized upon all the servants. They huddled together with blanched faces and fearful exclamations, none daring for several minutes to leave the room in which they happened to be gathered.

Marie hastily entered the apartment with frightened, questioning face and bloodless lips.

"What could it have been?" she asked, in faltering accents. "Such a horrible cry! Do none of you know what or who it was?"

"It seemed to come from master's room," said one of the trembling women. "Oh! there's been something dreadful happened!"

"He has been killed! I know he has been killed!" cried another, wringing her hands in terror.

"Where is Louis?" asked Marie, in a firmer tone.

"Here, miss," replied the man in question, who just then entered the room. "I was out in the stable. What has happened? I heard a loud scream, but could not understand it."

"It was the cry of murder," said one of the women.

"And came from Mr. Ogden's room," said another.

"Good heavens!" cried Louis, in sudden alarm. "And you all standing here! Not one of you with heart enough to go to his help!"

He rushed hastily from the room, and in an instant was heard rapidly ascending the stairs. Marie, with a quick impulse, followed him.

Ere she had half ascended the stairs a cry of fright and horror from the room set her whole frame palpitating with dread She clutched the balusters, or she would have fallen in her intense nervous excitement.

The door of the room above opened, and Louis appeared at the head of the stairs, his face so deathly white that he looked ghostly-like in the uncertain light.

"Go back! Go back, Miss Marie!" he said, imploringly, waving her back with his hands. "Don't come up here! Oh, don't come up here!"

"What has happened?" she asked, trembling. "Has any harm come to Mr. Ogden?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, it is too dreadful!" He sank into a half-sitting position, as if too much overcome with emotion for his limbs to support him.

Without a word of answer, she sprang upward, his very loss of confidence forcing her to resume a native resolution, which, for the moment, had deserted her.

He rose and placed himself in her way.

"You must not enter there," he said; "it is no sight for you."

"Out of my way!" she cried, sternly. "If you have lost your wits I must keep mine."

As she spoke the women servants below came rushing to the stairs, curiosity getting the better of their fright.

Louis turned, as if feeling that further opposition was useless, and accompanied the young lady to the room which had become the centre of such a terrible interest.

The sight that met her gaze was too much for her woman's strength to endure. She sank panting into a chair, her distended eyes fixed with absorbing and fearful attention upon a scene that was destined to remain fixed in her memory till the last moment of her life, a nightmare which no daybreak could banish.

Prostrate upon the floor of the room lay the lifeless body of her guardian, the eyes wide open in the lustreless stare of death, the lips compressed as with sudden agony, his clothes disarranged, while from his left breast, and over his white vest, staining it a deep crimson, had flowed a tide of blood, of which a red pool lay, yet liquid, upon the carpet.

The hands were tightly clenched as if death had come upon him in the act of a fierce struggle for life. A chair lay overturned upon the floor, the only evidence of disturbance in the furniture of the room. By the side of the body lay a white handkerchief, apparently dropped during the contest.

She had hardly taken in all these particulars, at one embracing glance, ere the women came pouring into the room, and in an instant the quiet was broken by a turmoil of exclamations and screams, as the terror-stricken servants saw the fatal vision that awaited them.

As the weakness of Louis had impelled Marie to renewed effort, so this wild affright of the women served to somewhat restore his composure.

He felt that some measures must be taken immediately, and that upon his strength rested the responsibilities of the dreadful occasion.

With a stern voice and no sparing use of his hands he ejected the most unnerved of the women from the room, some of them having been flying around in a state of utter wildness, screaming and sobbing with all the energy of their voices.

There remained only the housekeeper, Marie, and two of the more self-possessed of the servants.

The young lady yet sat voiceless and motionless, her eyes fixed with unwavering intentness upon the murdered form of her guardian, her heart beating, her lips panting, with all the force of repressed excitement.

"Come, Miss Marie," said the housekeeper, gently, "this is no sight for your eyes. You should not have entered here. You must leave the room at once."

"No, no!" she answered, in whispered tones. "Oh! is it not too horrible? The dear, good old man to be so vilely murdered! Oh! what base wretch has dared lift his hands against a life like this?"

"You must retire," said the housekeeper, more firmly. "You will be sick if you remain longer here."

"I cannot retire. I am strong yet, I was only overcome by a momentary weakness." She rose from her chair, but was obliged to support herself by grasping the chair-back with her hands. "Louis," she cried with a quick impulse of energy, "something must be done at once, without an instant's delay! It is not five minutes since we were all roused by that dreadful cry. The murderer cannot be far off. He must not escape. Collect all the men. Rouse the neighborhood. Pursue him. Let him not escape. Every measure must be taken. He shall be captured, and expiate to the extremity of the law the horrible deed he has committed!"

Her voice rang like a clarion through the room. Louis started, a look of stern resolution filling his eyes. The thought of pursuit seemed not to have come to him before, in the excitement that had possessed him.

"You are right," he said briefly. "He shall be captured, if it is in the power of man to do it. I will have the whole country on his track in an hour. The railroads shall be watched, the fields and ditches searched, the telegraph used. I shall do all that can be done, Miss Marie, and I am sure he cannot escape."

"Stop a minute," said the housekeeper, as he was about to hastily leave the room. "The search begins here, not out in the fields. There may be some clue here that will put you on the track of the murderer."

As she spoke she picked up the handkerchief that lay beside the corpse, and closely examined it.

"This is not his handkerchief," she exclaimed, excitedly. "Yet it belonged to no foot-pad. It is the handkerchief of a gentleman. And see, there are initials in the corner: R M. What name can those letters stand for?"

With a hasty motion Marie snatched the handkerchief from her hand, and examined it with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. Well she knew those initials. She had seen that very handkerchief before, that now remained the only visible evidence of a terrible crime.

For an instant Louis caught her glance, and she saw that he, too, had guessed the secret that made her whole nature thrill with apprehension. The initials were those of Robert Merivale.

At this same instant a faint cry was borne upon their ears, from the direction of the river, a cry for "help!"

It was the voice of the man against whom such a fatal witness lay in their hands, calling for aid in the deadly conflict in which he was at that moment engaged.

"This narrows the line of search," said Louis, in resolute tones. "I saw the man who owns that handkerchief, less than an hour ago, hidden in the bushes. I heard him, this evening, quarrelling with Mr. Ogden, and talking of killing. I had forgotten all this, but is it not now confirmed by the most positive evidence?"

The housekeeper looked questioningly from one to the other, only slowly gathering the full meaning of their words. Robert Merivale's love for Marie, and the bitter opposition of her guardian were well known through the house, and all that lay involved in this fact gradually forced itself upon her mind.

They stood looking at each other for some moments in utter silence, doubt and suspicion expressing itself so plainly in the faces of all present, that Marie turned away at length, half sickened at thought of all that their looks involved.

One of the other servants, who had been closely examining the murdered man, at this instant cried out:

"See, there is something held in his hand! Help me to open it. It is shut so tight that I haven't the strength."

The housekeeper instantly kneeled down and with a strong effort the clenched hand of the murdered man was opened sufficiently to release the small object it held.

The woman rose to her feet, holding it up to the full view of all present. Marie gave but one glance, then sank back in her chair, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out some dreadful vision.

At this instant the door flew open and Robert Merivale appeared upon the threshold, meeting with his first glance the object thus displayed.

It was a transparent stone, yielding such brilliant lustre as only the diamond possesses, and held in the open jaws of a golden serpent—the deadly Cobra de Capello. He recognized at a glance his own jewel—the ominous family piece—now flashing in fearful witness against him.

(To be continued in our next.)

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FACE TO FACE.

The charmed influence of that high and distinguished circle of which Royalty was the smiling and even affable centre, was too potent for the Marquis of St. Leonards, impatient as he was of all constraint upon the impetuous urgings of his will, to break through; and in spite of the promptings of almost blinded passion, he was compelled to retain his position, and control his barely resistible yearning to again fasten like a panther on the throat of him who had, as he was convinced, irretrievably injured him.

He had caught sight of Etheline's face almost as soon as it appeared before him, in consequence of an exclamation respecting it from the young, handsome and wealthy heiress, Lady Hylda Beauclaire.

It was as if the fair countenance of his wife, in the pride of her youthful loveliness, had suddenly, ghost-like, confronted him. He did not, however, remain for more than a moment in doubt concerning it, for behind it he discovered the face of the woman born Anne Marchmont, and immediately contiguous the loathed features of his arch-enemy.

That he was gazing on the face of his daughter he thus instantly surmised, and his impulse was, if a look could have done it, to have slain her for being the companion of the villain who had evidently charge of her, in what capacity it sickened him to conjecture.

He had no doubt that Cleveland Dysart had purchased the venal services of the woman Sydney, that he had obtained control over the actions of the girl with so unhappy a history before him, and that he had brought her there to parade her, to fasten upon him the most degrading odium it was in his power to inflict.

He was blinded and dazed with passionate indignation; but Royalty had signified its intention of conversing with him before it took its departure from the show, and Lady Hylda also kept him to her side by requiring his adulatory attentions, and by an incessant questioning, which he found not only difficult to answer, but while his burning thoughts fretted, and raced, and wrestled with the people in front of him, and the past which was rarely absent from his mind, yet more difficult to comprehend or listen to.

He was thus chained to his post, being powerless to break through the trammels of etiquette, good breeding and other considerations, and he had to endure, with an inwardly chafing wrath which almost frenzied him, the sight of that bronzed visage and brilliantly dark eyes, staring, glaring at him spectre-like, which nothing would interpose between to shut out from his vision, which was a symbol of a past crime, and an incitement to commit a new one.

There was not a friend near him, not one whom he could delegate to take his place while he made, with what object he would not trust himself to think, to the spot where Cleveland stood gazing steadfastly upon him, with a smiling expression of insolent triumph, goading him by his scornful glances, and carling, gibing lip to the verge of insanity.

Oh! it was, indeed, a bitter torture to his proud heart to remember what he had read which this man had written to his wife, what he had overheard him say, and to see him standing before him—alive! Worse to see beside him, seemingly of her own will, grown to womanhood, the child, with her pale brown locks, whom he had idolized until he had known of this man's existence.

A thousand wild resolves rushed through his mind, a thousand desperate schemes flitted across his brain, and the terrible determination to wring atonement from this man with his life—nothing less than his life, at whatever cost to himself—took possession of him with such strength that if the opportunity offered before that gay and seemingly joyous assemblage separated, he decided without a qualifying reservation to seize it.

He resolved, too, although he felt that he hated his unoffending child for being in the company of the villain smiling tauntingly at him, that he would not permit that association to continue, if he dragged her from him by the hair of her head; and he designed a punishment for the woman, Anne Sydney, for being instrumental in bringing about that companionship, because he was sure that without her aid it could never have been accomplished.

Pale as a ghost he gave back Cleveland Dysart look for look, striving to give his burning eyes an expression which intimated the exaction of an unsparing revenge, and further to intimate, if a look would convey his meaning, that they should not separate that day without making an arrangement to settle their account, which in its result should be final.

But his wonder, his wrathful resentment, his frenzy, had not—although he had imagined it could not be surpassed—yet reached its limit. When the crash of the band had given those who desired to effect a change of position the opportunity to move, Etheline for an instant was shut out from his gaze. Not so Cleveland, as he maintained his situation in front, making the passers fall past him in the rear: but when a second passage on a single instrument again made stillness essential, Cleveland's companion appeared once more to resume her place at his side. Yet—could he believe his eyes—it was not the same individual, although there was a striking resemblance.

Then he was chilled from head to foot, and his blood ran icy cold through his veins, as he heard Lady Hylda exclaim—

"Gracious—how odd! Why, St. Leonards, do tell me, am I growing purblind? Just now I saw opposite to us the most charming face, young and pure as a girl-Diana, and now I see the same face in the same spot, only much older, and twice as sad. Look—oh, look! She is gazing directly at you, too! How have my eyes deceived me? The face certainly looks twenty years older, does it not?"

The marquis's eyes were already fastened, attracted, riveted on the face. It was wondrously like the other, but quite twenty years older, and he knew, with a dull, dead agony at the heart, that she who was now standing at the side of Cleveland Dysart was his wife.

She who had fled from him as a guilty creature—she who had no doubt been this thrice-dyed villain's paramour—now shamelessly there in public with him, having at the same time dragged her child through the pollution and the mire of her criminality, and compelled her to be a public participator in her infamy.

Could anything be more iniquitous in the conduct of woman? Could there be fastened upon him an insult viler or more unpardonable?

What even yet more staggered him was the firm, erect, and unabashed attitude she assumed, as she stood gazing deliberately and directly at him. The angel of purity, knowing herself to have been defamed, could not have looked her traducer in the face with a more calm, innocent, and unconstrained look.

Once her eyes wandered from his to the Lady Hylda Beauclaire, and they rested upon her face for an instant to return to his. He felt a hot flush burn his forehead, and feel as if it would blister his cheek: but she—she remained with an unruffled countenance, upon which there appeared to be an almost holy serenity, as if she had not only not sinned at all, but had lived a life of unsullied chasteness and devotion.

There was something so unmistakable in this assumption of blamelessness that he felt stung by it, as though it was he who had been corrupt and guilty and not she, and he felt utterly confounded at her powers of deception.

More wonders were, however, in store for him. He suddenly observed that the woman, Anne Marchmont, had again emerged from a throng of persons, and that she came abruptly upon the newcomer. He noticed with surprise that she started and almost screamed out on perceiving who had been substituted for her charge, and that she was confronted with an air of such haughty, stern repulsion that, with moving lips and a scared face, she retreated and disappeared.

But not until she had uttered a cry which caused Cleveland Dysart to turn to the person who was standing at his side.

Would wonders never cease? There was neither acting nor affectation in the look of overwhelming amazement with which he regarded the person by his side. His eyebrows lifted up, his eyes appeared to start out of their sockets, and his jaw fell. He absolutely staggered back, confused and bewildered, as though a spirit had suddenly risen up before him from the grave. He stood motionless, powerless, paralyzed.

And she?

She turned her pale face full to him, bending her lustrous eyes firmly, directly, steadfastly on his. She appeared to draw her form erect two inches higher, and as far as mien could convey an impression, her carriage was such as was intended to humble him, and to hurl back, with a stern and icy frigidity, any attempted familiarity he might offer beyond the pale of recognition.

But he made no such attempt. He stood transfixed, spell-bound, and only glared upon her with something like fear as well as astoundment.

Yet a moment more and the lady, slowly turning her eyes away, gave him a transitory glance, receded among the personages behind her and vanished.

Cleveland Dysart remained for a moment as if palsied; then he appeared to start out of a bewildering dream. He pressed his hands upon his eyelids, withdrew them, gazed around him, seemed to recover his senses, and hurried away in the direction she had taken.

The marquis felt thunder-stricken. It could not be that he had been witnessing a performance which had been got up for him—a plot, a contrivance, a scheme to embarrass, juggle, delude him.

He set his teeth and clenched his hands so tightly that his nails almost ate into his palms.

"I will take part in the last act of this drama at whatever cost," he muttered, and moved away, to follow the footsteps of Cleveland Dysart.

The voice of Lady Hylda Beauclaire, with rather shrill emphasis, detained him.

"Do suffer your calculation of the detestable odds on the chances of the odious favorite to have a holiday, St. Leonards—do, please!" she exclaimed, gazing at him a little resentfully beneath her long, dark, and literally pencilled eyelashes. "You have certainly lost all remembrance of poor me in the wretched consideration of your ten thousand to thirties, for you have been uttering the most insane replies to my observations, and you are quite oblivious to the fact that His Royal Highness the Prince, by his looks in your direction, is expecting you to interchange courtesies with him."

He bent a sharp, quick glance at her face, and mentally compared the artificially tinted cheeks with the pale complexion which had just faded from his vision, and a feeling of distaste, fatal to the influence of the Lady Hylda, passed through his mind. Making a hasty excuse, he quitted her, and pressed his way to the spot which Cleveland Dysart had occupied.

On gaining it he took the same direction he had seen him hurry away in, and, using his best speed, he beheld him emerge from the corridor and hasten into the open grounds.

Following on, he observed the object of his pursuit before him pressing forward at a quick pace, and then Cleveland increased his walk to a run. He overtook her, and touched her shoulder. She turned, but on perceiving who had attempted to detain her she turned swiftly again, and renewed what seemed now to have become a flight. Cleveland was not, however, to be so thwarted, for he again hurried after her, and, overtaking her, caught her shawl with a firm grip, and arrested her progress.

With a sudden and violent action of her hand she wrested it from his grasp, and uttered a cry of appeal to a tall, white-haired, white-mustached gentleman, who, recognizing her, interposed between her and Cleveland. With a stately gesture he bade him retire, and Cleveland instantly, as if he had been guilty of a mistake, bowed with affected overstrained politeness, fell back, and moved away in another direction, but with a yet greater celerity of movement than before, as if he were in hot pursuit of some one else.

"That was Glenlyon," muttered the marquis, excitedly; "he evidently knows her, and has extended his protection to her, to shield her from yonder villain's touch. What can it all mean? I will see Glenlyon, and question him respecting her; I feel dazed, but I will not let this scoundrel escape me until I have arranged a thorough settlement with him."

He was about to take the same path which Cleveland had a minute before pursued, when in turn he found a hand placed upon him to stay him.

He turned sharply, and to his vexation saw an officer of the Royal Household at his elbow. He was panting audibly and visibly.

"Quite a chase, marquis," he cried, between the pauses of his breathing. "You are too much for me in a foot-race, for you train fine, and I am like Jack Falstaff, fat, and scant of breath."

"What do you want with me, colonel?" interrogated the marquis, a little stiffly, for he was annoyed by the interruption, the purpose of which he guessed only too easily.

"Well, I do want a little information from you, marquis," returned the colonel, wiping his brow; "but my matter must wait, for the prince wishes to speak with you at once, as he will have to leave the gardens presently, having another engagement to keep."

The marquis bit his nether lip, but he knew he must obey, and he returned with the colonel, compelled to suffer Cleveland for the time to escape him, although he promised himself with a vow, that it should not be for long.

As he approached the royal circle, the Lady Hylda Beauclaire uprose from her chair, moved toward him, took his arm, and, looking tenderly in his face, addressed him by a fond epithet, and reproached him for deserting her so abruptly.

A cold shudder ran through his frame, a feeling of loathing for her passed over him, he hastily removed her hand from his arm, and in a freezing voice he said—

"Your pardon, Lady Hylda Beauclaire, the prince waits for me. I must attend him alone."

Another instant and he was gone. The haughty beauty glanced after him in wonder, indignation, rage and scorn.

"This is an insult," she murmured, between her bitten lips. "I have him, however, too tightly secured to escape me. How I will punish him for this."

She looked hurriedly about her, and, perceiving a young nobleman, respecting whom she fancied the marquis had betrayed some jealousy, she beckoned to him, and said, with a lisping accent and dreamy eyes—

"Escort me home, Sleaford; I am not well. I can't wait for the return of St. Leonards."

He offered his arm with an expression of joy, and she purposely guided his steps past the spot where the marquis was standing in conversation with the prince and some noblemen of his suite, and to her gratification she saw him turn his eyes upon her and her companion; but to her immediate dismay, she also perceived that he removed them with an expression of utter indifference, so she passed on to enjoy in her private chamber an hour's raging tears, inveighings, invectives, and passionate revilings, alone—and to no end.

Cleveland Dysart, in the meanwhile, had actively employed himself in the attempt to discover Etheline. He felt sure that she was yet in the grounds, and that he should be able to find her, remove her, and use her for the purpose of his long-cherished revenge, the consummation of which he felt to be fast approaching. In this design he was, however, foiled.

With a quick step he sought in every direction—the conservatories, the corridors, the walks, and the avenues; not a foot of that extended space did he leave untrodden until he was worn out with fatigue, and he saw the people forming in long lines, and thronging from the gardens.

He stationed himself near to the principal point of egress, and watched with a sickened feeling of anxiety every youthful form and fair young face as it approached the spot where he kept watch, but only to see it pass unrecognized by him.

What had become of Etheline? he asked himself a thousand times. How had the change between her and her mother been effected? He was certain that they had departed in company—he had had proof of that; and she had not quitted the gardens since, he was sure.

Suddenly he missed his sister and Anne Sydney, and he breathed again. Of course they had taken Etheline away. Of course, finding themselves separated from him, they had at once returned to his residence.

Sure enough, on proceeding to the outer entrance, he found that his carriage had departed. He hired a hack cab, and at once made his way home.

But he only found his sister, who received him as if she were a monument of ice.

She listened with half-closed eyes and closed lips to his string of excited questions, until he had quite exhausted them, and then, with contracted brows, she answered—

"Your queen has not returned to the palace, and does not, I suppose, intend to again adorn it, and reassume her reign over—one disordered liver!"

And she smiled scornfully.

He slowly raised his clenched hand toward her.

"Dare to address me in that strain, and I discard you forever," he grated between his champing teeth. "Where is Etheline?"

"You did not entrust her to my keeping," she answered, coldly, "or I should be now able to answer you. When I saw theatrical performances going on amongst you all, I apprehended a scene, and felt it would be wise to retire. When I saw the woman who has earned and won my bitterest hate within a foot of me I decided to depart, for I was too discreet to wish to be drawn into a discreditable hubbub. I therefore quitted the place alone."

He gazed at her with fiery eyes and working fingers.

"Where is Etheline?" he demanded, fiercely. "You must have seen her depart. How did she go? Where? With

whom? Answer, Agatha, and truthfully: at your peril otherwise."

His sister looked up at his burning visage beneath her eyelashes, and felt that she dared not beard the panther further.

"The woman who has enacted the part of her attendant," she responded, gloomily, "has been back here. She has been searching for her in vain. Although standing by her side, she did not see her steal away. I did!"

"Well," he cried, eagerly, "with what result? Speak, woman—demon—you are maddening me!"

"I saw the mother creep up to the child," she answered, "stand motionless for a moment at her shoulder, and then whisper in her ear. I saw the amazement that was depicted on the face of your young queen when the queen-dowager addressed her. It was but a momentary utterance. The latter forced into her hand a card, and directed her by a motion of her hand to fly. She obeyed, but whither she went I did not care to observe, and did not heed, for mine enemy was within my reach and I dared not smite her dead. So I went my way too."

Cleveland made a passionate movement with his arms, as if his sister's revenge was of no moment to him, and he cried, eagerly—

"A card! What card? Were you close enough to see even a word written upon it?"

Agatha withdrew from her pocket a small wallet. Out of its silken folds she brought forth a small square card, and handed it to him with a venomous smile.

"Your young sovereign," she continued, in the same sarcastic strain, "dropped this in her flight. I picked it up and preserved it for you. I know not wherefore. Perhaps it was an inspiration: yet, to my thinking, it is time the curtain dropped upon the last act of this miserable drama."

Even while she was speaking he snatched rudely the card from her hand, and his glittering eyes raced over the words engraven upon it. A flash of light gleamed from them as he turned them up to the sky and muttered—

"An assumed title, but plain, clear, lucid to me as the transparent stream reveals the sands beneath it."

He turned to his sister, and gazing steadfastly at her lined, rigid, pallid face, he said—

"Out of your life, as of mine, the light has been crushed with a pitiless heel. We have both wandered through our vale of broken hopes, stumbling and feeling our way; but the end reveals itself by a glimmer of light." He pointed to the card. "Star-like, this shows me the outlet to the end. The last act of the drama has but commenced. There are some striking situations to be yet developed before the *denouement* becomes the accomplished fact to which I have devoted the energies of my waning life."

He paced the room in silence for a moment. Presently pausing, he said, as if he had suddenly formed a resolution—

"Send the woman Sydney to me."

"She is not here," responded his sister, indifferently. "When she found that her sovereign had not returned to her state-rooms, she set out again, with the scent of a wild, starving cat in search of prey."

"It matters not," he returned, moodily. "You will keep those state rooms, as you are pleased sneeringly to term them, intact. They may be occupied again—sooner, perhaps, than you calculate—though," he added, with a sarcastic emphasis strangely like her own, "not by the same imperial lady."

She started and looked piercingly into his face.

"Not here!" she ejaculated, showing him her teeth.

"Here!" he echoed, sternly; and, looking into her eyes, appended, "It will be my care to see that temptation and poison do not stalk into her chamber hand-in-hand."

"Indeed!" she ejaculated, and the half-tints on her face became a pale blue.

He turned from her and left the room.

For some days he remained the chief portion of his time within his chamber, expecting the return of, or, at least, a note from, Anne Sydney. But none came. The only visit or communication he received was from an employed spy, and when in possession of the last communication brought to him, he quitted the house in the dusk of the evening, and made his way to the address he found on the card which Etheline had dropped in her flight from the Horticultural Gardens.

There are always pliable consciences to be bought, and he met with one in the dwelling he was about to visit. The private entrance admitted him in secret, a private staircase permitted him to ascend to a corridor unseen, and a silent, noiseless, shadowy person pointed a chamber door out to him and flitted away.

He turned the handle swiftly, opened the door, entered the room silently, closed the door behind him, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and, as he had arranged, found himself face to face and alone with her who, when he last conferred with her, was the Viscountess Hastingleigh.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE REUNION.

Where?

"Where?—where?—where?" the lips of Etheline repeated, soundlessly, as she threaded her way among the wayfarers, all streaming in various directions, bent upon some purpose—none so purposeless in their movements as herself.

"Where?—where?—where?" rang through her distracted brain.

Not to him whom she had been told was her father—he who, looking princely born, and wealthy "beyond the dreams of avarice," regarded her with a scornful disdaining which seemed to thrust her back, and to make any attempt to approach him a thing impossible.

Not to her who had forced a card into her hand, who had whispered words of encouragement and entreaty in her ear, and had proffered her the protection which it was only natural she should afford her.

No! Her cheeks burned hotly, and a wail of excessive agony escaped her. No! though her heart yearned, ached for the bliss of being reunited to her, of being enfolded to her bosom and acknowledged as her child.

Not to him from whom she had escaped. Death, however torturing or horrible, would be preferable to that.

To whom then?

The woman Sydney recurred to her, but with a shudder she discarded the mere conception from her mind. She was venal, had proved herself to be so, and that forbade any thought of placing herself again under her care.

But what future was before her? She could not think—her brain was distracted. She had always had everything, even her work, provided for her. She had never had to seek for aught in the form of a livelihood—it had always been brought to her. Now she knew not where to go or what to do.

She wandered onward until her limbs grew weary, and she found herself in a broad thoroughfare, lined with handsome shops.

She paused before one filled with sewing-machines of various kinds, from those for hard, serviceable work in the manufacturers' workshops to the more beautifully finished for the boudoir of a lady.

Then it entered her mind that she could obtain work to do, and so get a scanty living in an obscure quarter, where she could pass through life unnoticed and unknown, and pass out of it unlamented and unheeded.

But where was she to find the place and how obtain the machine? She had some money in her pocket, she knew, furnished her by Anne Sydney, but the amount she had not examined, and had no idea what the sum, such as it might be, would procure for her.

Involuntarily she searched for her portmonnaie, and opened it. There were some bank-notes, neatly folded, and some gold: the amount, at a rough guess, seemed considerable, but a cold twinge seemed to contract her heart. The money must have come from the purse of Cleveland Dysart, and it looked hot and burning in her eyes as if fresh from the hands of Satan.

But in a corner of one of the silken compartments she observed a piece of paper folded up, and a feeling of joy darted electrically through her mind. In an instant she clutched it, and opened it with trembling fingers. Her eager eyes ran with avidity over an address written thereon. It was—

"*Mrs. Leslie, 643 City road, near the Angel, Islington.*"

"Lollie, Lollie!" she murmured, the tears springing into her eyes, "how unkind, how wicked of me not to have thought of her the very first thing. Lollie! true-hearted, single-minded Lollie—she will be my friend, firm, fast and sincere. Oh, my lord Duke of Glenlyon, you may be proud of your hundred descents, indeed, if they have given you a daughter with a heart as true, a mind as upright, a spirit as sincere as Lollie possesses. Lollie—only a work-girl!"

She elevated her form proudly, raised her head even haughtily, and as she gazed at the clear, blue sky over her, she added—

"Only a work-girl! I do now understand the dignity of labor, the honor attached to independence, and feel prouder at this moment, oh, great, grand lord duke, of my inheritance of work, than you of your nobility, which has cost you nothing. I am only a work-girl now, I hope to be nothing more in the future—and so, please Heaven, Lollie, we will live and die together—only work-girls."

She turned from the shop-window with the intention of inquiring her way to the City-road, and found, to her surprise, that she had become the centre of an admiring crowd.

There were some very dashing ladies who were inspecting her attire with surprise tempered with admiration. There were some "swells"—perhaps it will be as well not to say gentlemen—who were regarding, staring at her with unqualified looks of approbation.

Of course, there were some small boys—there are always small boys ready at an instant's notice to swell a crowd—who felt themselves entitled to approve of the appearance of a pretty girl, and they approved of the appearance of Etheline accordingly. One, indeed, suggested audibly, after he had permitted his rat-like eyes to have an unconstrained ramble over her features—

"Bless'd if it ain't the Hempress of the French."

And, in accordance with this presumption, he ventured on a cheer, which was taken up by two or three companions, and the crowd in consequence thickened.

Etheline now remembered that she had been attired with more than usual elegance for the horticultural *fête*, and would naturally attract attention, being alone on foot in such a thronged thoroughfare. For a moment she felt distressed and dismayed, but as if fortune felt disposed to pity and assist her, an omnibus at that moment passed, having written upon its sides, in words of gold—gold in more than one sense to her—

"Angel, Islington."

Elevated on his perch, the conductor, who felt it to be his business to see everything that was going on, turned his eyes upon the elegantly-dressed young lady who was at that moment the cynosure of neighboring eyes, and although he had as much notion of being answered in the affirmative as if he had addressed his question to the sultana of Suleiman the Great, he raised the forefinger of his right hand and called aloud—

"Going our way, miss?"

To his distracted amazement she responded with a nod. He deliriously shrieked to the driver, "Hold hard—wo!" sprang like the "Herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissed hill," to the pavement, and escorted Etheline with an air of triumphant politeness into the human furniture-van of which he was the controlling spirit.

The crowd looked upon her in silent speculation, and the next instant separated, forgetting they had ever seen her.

The address Etheline had in her possession was not difficult to find, after she had been set down at the Angel, and she rang the bell at the door-post, expecting to be clasped in Lollie's arms the moment afterward.

A girl of very dingy attire, and with a sooty face, answered the summons, and when Etheline asked for Lollie she shook her head, and answered, curtly—

"Don't live here."

This answer fell like a blow on Etheline's heart. She looked at her paper.

"This is the address of Mrs. Leslie?" she ventured.

"Yes," returned the girl, indifferently. "She's at home: shall I call her?"

Etheline assented, and the girl proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and yelled, "Missus, you're wanted!" at the top of her voice.

After a brief stay there sounded a footstep on the stair, and then Etheline found herself face to face with the mother of Lollie.

Before she could address her, she perceived that Mrs. Leslie recognized her with an expression of wrathful indignation and loathing. She threw out her hands toward her as though to drive her away.

"Do not speak one word to me, you shameless creature!" she cried passionately and tearfully: "go away! How dare you darken my doors after your disgraceful conduct to my poor, misguided, foolish girl? Until she knew you she was good, honest, pure minded, but you have corrupted her. You have led her mind astray; you have induced her to leave her home—it was a good home to her. You have made her what she is, Heaven help her. You, with your gay, flaunting dresses, the price of your wickedness—you have perverted her mind; you have robbed me of my child; you have enticed her into sin; and now—now you dare to approach me! Go away, you worthless thing, or I'll call to the policeman and have you thrust into a prison-cell, the proper place for you."

Then the door closed in Etheline's face with a loud crash, and she was alone in the world once more.

Shocked, stunned, bewildered, she turned away, not knowing what to think of what she heard—not knowing what to do. She walked down the road like one in a dream, pressing onward with a rapid step, heedless whither she went, until she had reached the entrance to one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city. By this time her thoughts had assumed something like coherency, and she began to reflect on her position, and strive to form some plan for the immediate future.

Of Lollie she thought first, and absorbingly. She dreaded what had happened. She remembered all the poor girl had said about Mr. Charles Templeton to her; she feared that she had been too confiding, and that he had not proved to be—a gentleman.

Then her cheek burned hotly, she stamped her foot angrily, and said to herself, resentfully—

"I will not believe it. It is a cruel and wicked falsehood. I know Lollie better. I will search for her and find her out. She has been maligned, and the harsh, unfeeling world has turned its back upon her. I will discover her, live with her, be to her the solace and comfort I know she must need now that, like me, she is without a friend in the world.

The foresight, the clearness of calculation, the firmness to face difficulty, trial, rebuffs, and other discouraging obstacles to the obtaining of the means of a very moderate livelihood which she had felt unequal to exert for herself, at once sprang into active life when they were to be exercised for Lollie.

A few minutes' anxious thought, and without pausing to deliberate on the probable consequences to herself of such a step, she proceeded at once and direct to the great house of Duncan M'Culloch, Fraser & Co., made her way to the entrance through which she had been accustomed to pass, and, addressing the porter, requested to speak with the forewoman, Miss Leslie.

"Left some time back," replied the porter, shortly.

"Will you give me her address?" she asked, quickly.

"Don't know it—she don't work for us now," was the brusque reply.

"But some one in the work-room does. Do, please, go and ascertain for me," urged Etheline, solicitously.

The man looked up at her, which he had not done before, and he raised his eyebrows and touched his forehead. He believed that he saw a real lady of fashion before him. With an alacrity that had something cheering and hopeful in it he hurried away, and very quickly returned, bringing with him—Mr. Fisell.

Etheline started on seeing him, for he was much changed, and for the worse. He started, too, for she was changed also, and into what he had always believed she would appear when habited in the attire of one of elevated rank, although he was not prepared to see her look so very much like a high-born dame as she did now.

There was something indescribably ludicrous in the way he recognized and approached her. He did not know whether to bow down and worship, or to exhibit a haughty or wrathful indignation. Folding his arms, yet bending his head and shoulders as he had bowed to the Duke of Glenlyon—

"Missis Hathel, I presume?" he said, suggestively, and by way of a feeler, but he saw her features contract, and her brows lower, as she answered, coldly—

"No. I wish to—"

"Ho!" he ejaculated, with a savage laugh, and assuming once more the attitude of Ajax defying the elements. "Ho! oho! you've come to beg your way in here again, I suppose? Aha! but, you see, the spoke o' the wheel comes uppards, and it is my turn now. I scorns and rejects you—if you please—you are too late. I will not listen to your hartifices now—too late, Miss Smith—once queen, but now queen never more. Camoy is my queen now, and I am hern—leastways, her monark. You've lost your chance—I can't listen to your hinticing strains, if I wanted to ever so much. Go! never my queen no more—go!"

"I merely wish to be favored with the address of Miss Leslie," observed Etheline, with freezing coldness. "It is all I have to ask of you. I hope you will comply with my request."

"What, that hartful bit o' goods that thought she'd jockeyed my Euphemia out of her berth, and got herself in it? Not if I know it, I don't!" answered Mr. Fisell, with coarse vulgarity. "No! That beast of yours, Hathel, beat me to a mummy with his bludgeon, and she larfed all the while. I'd a crippled him if he hadn't out the firm and bolted from the country, but I told my unhappy story to our principal, and he soon made a halteration. He bundled Leslie off and replaced Miss Camoy, who you treated so shamefully—Mrs. Fisell as is to be, which you might ha' been—oh! oh! Miss Smith—"

He stopped abruptly, looked quickly over his shoulder, leaving one eye fastened on the porter, who stood a little way off, and then added rapidly, in an undertone—

"You might yet be—I am still open to a sackerfice—my fair queen—always my queen—"

"Will you give me Miss Leslie's address or not, sir?" interposed Etheline, in a tone which instantly made the gulf between them wider than ever.

His face flushed a purple. Hitting the palm of his left hand with his right fist, he cried, as he showed his teeth—

"I won't—there! I won't, my fine madam—if I do, I'll be dashed!"

Before he could finish the sentence she turned and quitted the place.

She did not notice whither she was walking; saddened, dispirited, quite at a loss what to do, when she found herself once again upon the bridge on which Cleveland Dysart had first spoken to her.

With a faint cry of alarm, she averted her eyes from the racing river—nay, turned coweringly away—retraced her steps, and walked quickly, seemingly fearful of trusting herself even in a byway leading to it, and so came back to the house of Duncan M'Culloch, Fraser & Co.

Suddenly it occurred to her to wait until the work-girls left the place of business. One of them, she had no doubt, would know Lollie's address, and would give it to her, and she commenced to pace to and fro, striving as much as possible to avoid observation, though to her dismay she found that her attire made almost every passer-by stare at her, and even turn back and look after her. The determination to find out Lollie, however, outweighed this unpleasant feature of the situation, and she kept bravely to her resolve.

She found support, too, in her intense anxiety to find a solution to some enigmatical words which had fallen from the lips of Fisell. He had said, in his vulgar vernacular, that Mr. Athol had left the firm and quitted the country. What did that mean? Had he surrendered his prospects and fled from England for her sake? She trusted not—she prayed not. How much more now did she desire to see and receive an explanation of this statement from Lollie's lips—how much more inflexibly she adhered to her purpose of waiting and watching for one of her former companions.

The minutes seemed like hours, the hours as days. She was stared at, glared at, spoken to—once had to claim the protection of a policeman from the importunities of a drunken merchant who imagined himself to be a gentleman; but the closing hour came at last, and with it a small crowd of neatly-dressed damsels from the doorway from which at the same time she had herself so often emerged.

Strange face after strange face passed before her; but at length two girls, whom she remembered by the names of Lottie Bloomer and Jenny Plummer, advanced toward her, and she stopped them, speaking to them by name and asking for Lollie's address all in a breath. Jenny Plummer knew it, and Jenny Plummer's words were always at the tip of her tongue and beyond her control before she reflected. So she communicated it, while Lottie Bloomer was saying, interrogatively—

"Why?"

Before she could obtain an answer the questioner had disappeared, leaving them both utterly perplexed, for they had not recognized her, marvelling how such an "awful swell" could have known them, and wondering what she could want with Miss Leslie.

The address was in a locality unknown to Etheline, in the east of London. But she heeded not that; she asked her way and hurried, and walked, and ran, and asked until, quite exhausted, she reached the street the name of which had been given her. It was very retired, very narrow, very humble looking, but not squalid. Etheline paused before the house, and looked up wistfully at it. She wondered what part of it Lollie occupied, and how she should make her presence known to her; but the door opened, and a little girl about eight years of age made her appearance with a jug and key, bound on an errand. Etheline accosted her, and learned that the object of her search lived upstairs, in a second-floor front, and was at home.

With the footstep of a fawn she ascended the stairs, paused before a door, tapped gently, opened it, and glided in. By a small fireplace sure enough sat Lollie, with her face reclining on one hand, gazing at the cold-looking fireplace, and in tears.

"Lollie!" ventured Etheline, gently, and in her old, sweet tones.

Lollie screamed, and sprang to her feet.

"Lyddy—Lyddy!" she cried, hysterically. "That is nobody's voice but Lyddy's."

In a moment they were locked in each other's arms.

After the caressing met with some cessation, and Lollie could speak a little coherently, she went into raptures over Etheline's magnificent apparel, and between catches of her breath said—

"So you and Mr. Athol have made it up, after all."

Etheline placed her hand before her lips.

"Do not mention that folly to me any more, I entreat you, Lollie," she exclaimed, with undisguised emotion. "It is a source of considerable pain, and allusions to what is impossible only add to a suffering I wish to bear in silence. I have left the woman whom I called Mamma Sydney, everybody, everything in the world, Lollie, to come and live with you, if you will let me, and—and, oh, Lollie, my dear, dear friend Lollie, I saw your mother to-day in my endeavors to find you out, and she made some reference to you—which I do not, cannot, will not believe. For, Lollie, you cannot have changed so much since I parted from you as to deserve the terrible imputation cast upon you."

Poor Lollie, she cried as if her heart would break, and she clung about Etheline's neck.

"You do—not—be—be—believe me—to be such a—wicked—good—good—for—nothing creature, do you, Lyddy?" she sobbed.

"I do not, Lollie, from my very heart I do not," returned Etheline, with earnest sincerity.

"No—no—I am not, indeed I am not," she replied, with quivering lips; "but you see, Lyddy, mother wanted me to marry my cousin, Bob Larkins. He is in the potato, cabbage and coal line, and is getting on wonderfully, and wants a wife—wanted me. But my heart was gone, Lyddy—I had given it to a real gentleman—oh, dear Lyddy, one I dote upon—and I couldn't look on Bob—I couldn't think of him for a minute, and I refused him. And when that beastly old Fizz got me turned away from M'Culloch's, mother said I must have Bob, or there was no place for me at home. So I came away, and I have been working for a house in Barbican ever since."

"But," suggested Etheline, regarding her steadfastly, "what could have put such ungenerous and cruel imputations in your mother's mind? She even implicated me in her unjust charges."

"Well, you see, Lyddy," returned Lollie, frankly, "I have been a fool, a chattering ninny, and I have been paid out for it. I let out how Mr. Athol had fallen in love with you, and would make you his wife, if you would have him—how young Mr. Templeton was very sweet upon me, and, perhaps, if I played my cards well, would marry me. That frightened mother, for she said we were both idiots, and gentlemen such as they were would never marry but only destroy us, so she insisted on my marrying Bob, and when I was turned away from M'Culloch's, and was at home for a day or two, she gave me my choice—to have Bob, or leave her home forever. So I left her home fore-e-ver, and I will die, Lyddy, a thousand times, and starve and rot, sooner than have Bo-Bo-Bo-bob."

"I understand far better now," rejoined Etheline, musing, and still eyeing her anxiously; "but—but what of Mr. Templeton? Do you ever see him now?"

Lollie shook her head mournfully, and essayed two or three times to say something, but her tears choked her. In a little time, however, she recovered herself, and responded—

"No, Lyddy, I have not seen him but once since Mr. Athol went away."

Etheline started slightly, but repressed her intense yearning to question Lollie respecting the latter's departure.

"Only once," pursued Lollie, with a still trembling upper lip. "I think Mr. Athol had a good long talk with him, from something that was said. However, one night he overtook me, as he had a good many times before, and I saw there was something the matter with him at a glance, he looked so cut up. I said to him, 'Why, how white you look! You don't look at all well. Have you been smoking?' And he said, in such a pretty, sad voice, 'No, Lollie, no; but I am not well—I am dull, I own. The fact is, Lollie, I have grown very fond of you—too fond, by a long way—and something has just taken place to bring it before my eyes. You see, Lollie, I should like to have you myself, and I should not like any one else but me to have you.'

"I thought of Bob, but didn't say a word; but then he went on to say, 'I cannot marry you—I dare not. My governor would never listen to it. We should quarrel and part forever, like somebody we both know has done with his father; and for many reasons I am not able to do that. So, Lollie, before matters go any further—before they go so far as to make you bitterly regret that you had seen and spoken with me—before I give myself cause for repentance—I mean to do my duty like a man and a gentleman. So, Lollie, my little darling, I am about to say good-bye, and I fear forever. Try and forget me; believe, as the best of me, that I would not injure you for the world, and that I find this parting very hard, but it must be done for your sake, and without more hesitation. Good-bye, God bless and keep you, my little pet. You will be happier without me than with me.'

"He flung one arm about my neck and kissed me. I felt his hot tears on my cheek, Lyddy; he forced a locket in my hand, and then he ran away and was out of sight in a moment. Oh, Lyddy, I am so unhappy, so miserable! If he would only come back to me, I wouldn't care. I—"

Etheline twined her arms about Lollie, and laid her weeping face upon her neck.

"Hush, Lollie!" she whispered, encouragingly; "it is better as it is."

Etheline and Lollie shared the same bed that night, and talked and cried themselves into slumber. The next morning Lollie had to go to work, but Etheline had unfolded her plan to her, and she agreed readily to fulfil her part in it. A machine was to be obtained, Lollie was to procure work, and Etheline to execute it. They were to work together, and to live together all their lives in obscurity—no one but their employers knowing their place of abode.

Before Lollie set out, she gave Etheline Mr. Athol's letter to her, of which she had taken the greatest care, and she left her as soon as she had placed it in her hands, that she might peruse it unobserved by any other eye than that of Heaven.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 35.*)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A correspondent, referring to the paragraph stating the straits to which King James's translators were put for want of the present word "its," refers to Leviticus, xxv. 4, "That which groweth of *its* own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed, for it is a year of rest unto the land," to show that the word was in existence, if not in common use. This, he states, is the only place in which the word occurs in the Bible.

☞ Captain Jack prefers a moderate and eminently proper request, which we hope will be granted. He asks to be relieved of his chains long enough to interview the chap who accuses him of having written "Betsey and I are Out."

☞ A New York paper says those men who place a $10 bill on the desk of a government clerk when they go to make inquiries, have their questions answered with promptness and dispatch, and go out feeling that the stories about red tape are malicious lies and slanders.

☞ A New York divorce lawyer advertises: "Hymenial incompatibilities as a specialty delicately adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled."

☞ This is a fast age. The century plants bloom once in twenty-five years down in Florida.

☞ A little beggar-girl in New York has got hold of the wrong paper, which certifies that "the bearer is a widow with five children, in destitute circumstances."

☞ Sydney Smith once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying, "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned, and proceed with our subject."

☞ In the case of nineteen barbers brought before him, Justice White, of Richmond, Va., has decided that shaving on Sunday has become a necessity by long usage and public opinion, and is an adjunct to that proper cleanliness—which is next to godliness—that is necessary for the proper attendance upon the church services, and a due observance of the Sabbath.

☞ Victor Hugo, being lately asked by a charming young daughter of Albion to write a few English verses in her album, graciously improvised this quatrain:

"To get rid of the spleen,
I went into an Inn,
And drank a bottle of gin,
At your most gracious queen!"

The gentle proprietor of the album is much scandalized at Mr. Hugo's verses, and says he may be a French poet, but, sure, he is not "an English gentleman."

☞ Cure for Hiccoughs.—Hold both the patient's wrists tightly, and it will stop the hiccoughs immediately.

☞ It is suggested that persons who object to having their messages read by the postmen might use sympathetic ink in writing on postal cards, the direction, of course, being written with ordinary ink.

☞ Tyndall illustrates the value of a single potato by supposing that if every potato in the world but one were destroyed, that one would contain in itself the possibility of again stocking the world with an invaluable article of food.

☞ Dr. A. D. Walker, an eminent British medical authority, thinks that the leprosy of the Israelites, so often mentioned in the Bible, has entirely disappeared.

☞ Two hundred men in Stamford, Conn., are reported to have formed a building association on a new plan. Each member pays $3 a week, and as fast as houses are built, lots are drawn to see who shall be the possessor.

☞ When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said, solemnly, "*My mother has 'tended to me.*"

☞ A Touching Incident.—That was a very touching incident—that of the little school-girl who refused to define the word clown as "a low, vulgar fellow," and for her stubbornness was punished with the ferule and detained in play hours, all to no reformatory end. The little child's father proved to be a clown in a circus.

☞ The Springfield Republican thus speaks editorially of Vice-President Wilson's health: "The Vice-President has passed into that stage of health which Mr. Cowe so long occupied, a paralytic invalid to whom life is of most uncertain duration. The nature of his disease may not utterly destroy his usefulness as a man and public servant, but it will undoubtedly limit his ambition and activity. With careful nursing and cessation of exciting toil, he may yet enjoy for many years a kind of honorary post in the public councils, as he will certainly hold a warm place in our social life."

☞ Various theories have been suggested to account for the freedom of Charleston from cholera epidemics. The most plausible hypothesis is that the general use of cistern water is unfavorable to the development of the disease. This view finds confirmation in the fact that while the cholera raged in Nashville, where limestone water was used, there was not a single case in a part of the street on the hill-side where cistern water only was drunk.

☞ It is a difficult thing to run a saw-mill by the force of example.

☞ Dick—"I say, Jack, suppose three bad eggs and a pair of old boots were boiled down in a gallon of Croton, how do you think it would compare with Saratoga water?" Jack, reflectively—"It wants another egg."

☞ A Georgia newspaper recently informed its readers that it was not worth while for them to raise boys. The agonized editor insists that he wrote the word hogs.

☞ While a pretty Omaha girl was getting married, one of her jilted lovers sneaked into a back room and smashed up the handsome bridal presents.

☞ Reasonable.—Young Wife—"George, dear, I've had a talk with the servants this morning, and I've agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—meat was so high, and coals had risen to such a price, and every thing—I thought this was reasonable, because I've so often heard you complain of the same thing."

☞ "Shun Danger and Fly."—New Servant (catechising her mistress)—"Faith, mem, I'd like ter ax yes one thing more. Is yer husband blonde or brunette?" Lady (in surprise)—"Why, what has that to do with your becoming my servant?" Servant—"Because, mum, I don't like to live in the house with a blonde man. They are too loving, mum."

The First Star Spangled Banner.

The Trenton (New Jersey) Gazette says that Miss Sarah Smith Stafford, of that city, has now in her possession the first star spangled banner ever made. Old, faded and torn, it is still in a good state of preservation, differing from those of the present day only in having twelve instead of thirteen stars upon the blue field, there being but twelve Confederate States at the time it was put together.

It was made by the ladies of the old Swedes' Church, of Philadelphia, assisted by John Brown, Esq., Secretary of the United States Marine Committee. The presentation of the flag was made to John Paul Jones by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, the latter of whom afterward became the wife of Commodore Barry.

Paul Jones hoisted it on the Bon Homme Richard, and on the 23d of September, 1779, the engagement took place between her and the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough. During the fight—one of the fiercest ever known—when the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis were lashed together, the flag was cut down by a British officer. James B. Stafford (the father of Miss Stafford) caught it up and nailed it to the mast. The officer made a tremendous sweep with his sabre, cutting into the left shoulder of Stafford, felling him to the deck. This wound, owing to unskilful treatment, reopened many years afterward, causing Lieutenant Stafford the most intense suffering during the latter part of his life. When the Bon Homme Richard was sinking, the flag was seized by one of the sailors, and transferred by Paul Jones to the American ship of war Alliance, where it remained until the close of the war. The vessel was then sold to Robert Morris, the financier, and the Alliance was refitted as a merchantman for the East India trade. The secretary of the United States Marine Committee wrote to Lieutenant James B. Stafford that the committee, with the advice of Commodore John Barry, had decided to present him with the flag, medicine-chest and a "Tower" musket, belonging to the Alliance, in consideration of his bravery in nailing up the flag when it had been cut down by a British officer, during the action between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis.

Lieutenant Stafford kept these relics by him until his death, some thirty odd years ago, and they are now in possession of his only daughter, Miss Sarah Stafford. The musket alluded to weighs ten and a half pounds, has the word "Tower" engraven thereon, and the letters G. R.—Georgius Rex.

But, of course, the most valuable relic is the banner. Miss Stafford has received many offers for its purchase, but she uniformly declined them all. But she is growing old now, and says that she is more disposed to listen to a proposition for selling than heretofore, but no trifling sum will induce her to let it pass from her hands. What more appropriate emblem could be displayed at the Centennial celebration than this first banner of our country, made upon the spot nearly a century before?

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

CROWNED HEADS.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

Faith! it ought to rest uneasy if the stories which come over seas are true. The real flesh and blood and bread and butter kings and princes are as different from the story-book kings and princes as a stage haymaker in white shirt and blue ribbons from the tanned, tobacco-chewing, not over-clean haymaker of real life. To young people, particularly girls, every king or prince steps out of a fairy tale like Cinderella's lover, noble, handsome and grand, with long, waving plumes, flashing sword and glittering diamonds. I know I always used to think of Cinderella in her pumpkin coach, going to meet her beautiful, dazzling sprig of royalty, when I read of the Duke of Whackemwell and the Marquis of Dunderhead. It seemed to me that all the dukes and princes must be handsome, stately, noble men like old Æneas and King Arthur. Thousands of rattle-headed American girls think the same.

What a sight of nonsense everybody has to get over in this world!

Nice stories they tell of those same kings and princes of our time. I read 'em and thank God we don't have to put up with kings and princes in this country. The more we know about 'em, the more we don't like 'em. Put on your spectacles and look at 'em once. Look at that dull, lubberly Wales, to begin with. If he should happen to see this article in THE POST, he needn't take offence at it, no more do I beg his pardon, for that is what the newspapers in his own England call him. His idea of this world is that the Almighty created it and the people therein especially to amuse him. And his idea of amusement is horse-racing, chicken-fights and buffoonery. He goes to horse-races and theatres, that are no better than they ought to be, on Sunday, and he the head of the Church of England as soon as his mother is dead, thereby scandalizing the whole English nation. As to having any fitting idea of the solemn responsibility which will certainly rest upon his dull, shallow head before many years, I dare say his favorite dogs and horses have fully as profound thoughts on the subject as he has. And that American mechanic who couldn't stand up and make a better, more readable speech than he can, ought to be ashamed to call himself an American. Strip this dull, fat young man of his hatful of titles, and stand him up in a suit of common clothes, as plain John Jones, and would anybody on earth ever think of choosing him for a ruler? Nay, he couldn't even be a dry-goods clerk, and that's the stupidest name I can call a human being. (I mean to say it's the stupidest occupation I know of.)

Again, skipping over the "sad, salt sea" a little ways to the continent, instead of a handsome, dazzling youth like Cinderella's prince, your real prince is apt to be a common-looking, bald-headed chap, who consumes horrid messes of beer, garlic and onions, and isn't at all nice in his morals, and his wife never knows where he is evenings, besides. Marry such a specimen of mortality as that? I'd rather be dead. No! When it comes to marrying, give us an honest, clean-hearted American boy forever, whom his republican mother brought up to believe in virtue and morality for man and woman, who spends his evenings with his family, and who is both publicly and privately the "husband of one wife," as the Bible says. Such a clean, upright and downright republican husband is worth all the kings and princes from here to kingdom come. I wouldn't give such a man for all the diamond buttons on the state-coat of the Shah of Persia, horrid old heathen and barbarian that he is. I think I wouldn't!

Kings and princes, forsooth! I've been reading more than usual about 'em of late, and so far as I've been able to discover, there isn't a blessed one in the lot who would make a desirable republican citizen, or even one whom a respectable father would like to introduce in his family. One grizzly old sinner, ruler of a grand, wide, prosperous realm, leads such a bad, impure life that his wife, poor lady, has refused for years to live with him, but has her own separate apartments in the great palace, appearing only at her husband's side in her royal robes on high public and state occasions. What a mockery of matrimony, a hollow farce, to be played year after year as long as they live! I should think it would drive them both crazy. And what a grewsome, ghastly skeleton there must be locked up forever within that poor lady's heart!

And then there's that other, a crown prince again, who came so near being fatally poisoned a little time ago. He deserved to be poisoned, or shot, or something, years before, but not by the woman who at length did poison him. He is but another who thinks it is one of the divine prerogatives of kings and princes not to be answerable to the laws of common, old-fashioned morality. But I wonder what his princess-wife thinks about her domestic happiness, and she probably the noblest, most intellectual and enlightened royal lady in all Europe? Isn't the poorest wife in America, holding a wife's true place at her husband's side, happier than this princess-wife with her reprobate of a husband? What the princess-wife thought privately of her domestic happiness may be known from the fact that some years ago, if all the royal fathers and mothers in the case had not laid their princely heads together and done their very utmost to prevent it, there would have been the unheard-of scandal of a divorce in a royal family. Poor princess! Almost without exception, queens have been unhappy from the days of poor Dido down to now,—*Dido infelix*, who killed herself for love, more fool she! Between ourselves, there are precious few men in this world whom it's worth a woman's while to die for love of.

Now that I think of it, I recall the memory of one royal prince who might have stood for a model to all men, even to a republican citizen. Honest, pure-lived, earnestly interested in the welfare of his people, he died as he had lived, like our own Lincoln, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life." He is dead, and there is not his like now alive among princes. I wonder if there ever will be again?

I wonder rather whether kings and princes will not go on being as stupid, selfish and bad as they are now, following the doctrine of that new German philosopher that the perfection of the science of life is to do nothing but to amuse one's self, until some fine day the whole world will discover all of a sudden that the entire costly, clumsy rubbish of royalty and monarchy is but the ponderous, worm-eaten superstition of a barbaric age, and that civilization is ten-thousand times better off without it. It does appear to me that this is how it will be, one of these fine days. Kings and princes are much the same as they always were, I suppose, neither better nor worse; but the world is better than it used to be, and more enlightened. Forgetting or ignoring that last fact will be the sure downfall of kings and princes.

What can it be but the superstition of a barbaric age when a dull, selfish lout becomes the ruler of a great people only because he is the son of somebody? Royal living may be very splendid, and royal palaces very grand, but somehow I never see that side of it for thinking how all the splendor is wrung from the blood and bones of the toiling millions who support it all. Thinking of all that, royalty becomes but a cheap show, very dear at the price. Those American girls who admire it and sigh for its beauties are welcome. It is like Thackeray's show of the portrait of King George:

"Admittance, one shilling; children and flunkies sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence."

ZIG.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.

Maine was so called on account of the people there always keeping an eye on the main chance.

New Hampshire—Old ham was sold in the adjoining States, but if you went there you got new ham—sure; hence the name—New Hampshire.

Massachusetts—When slaves were sold there, the mistress of the household caught one of them chewing tobacco. She was about to order him punished, when he said "Massa-chews-it." She commuted his sentence to hanging, and immediately gave a name to the State.

Connecticut—An old Indian in the tobacco business, named Konnecti, used to get up two very good brands of chewing tobacco. He called one fine-cut, and the other Konnecti-cut. The latter gave the name to the State.

New Jersey—No stranger has ever stopped long enough in the State to ascertain where it did get its name from. It is supposed to have been named from "Jersey lightning."

Pennsylvania—All the pencils were made here once, and the people were exceedingly vain of it, hence the State got to be called "Pencil-vain-ia." The orthography has been changed somewhat since.

Maryland—Runaway couples used to fly there to be married, hence Maryland. Some careless printer dropped out an r in "making up," one day, and it has never been put back again.

Carolina—A man named Car settled the Carolinas. He was rated as an old-liner, hence the term, Car-o-liner, now Carolina, North or South, just as it suits you.

Florida—So called because the complexion of the people is so florid-eh?

Alabama—The Abama family owned the entire State once, hence All-Abama.

Georgia was named after George Washington. They thought a great deal of Washington down there, and used to call him "Georgie."

Mississippi—Old Sippi, who settled the State, had two very charming daughters, the Misses Sippi, and they gave name to the State.

Arkansas (pronounced Arkansaw)—Named after the title of the first tavern ever opened in the State, whose device was a picture of the ark and a saw, the inn being called the "Ark-and-saw." The ark denoted that they were above such a thing as water, and the saw was intended as a symbol that this is a world of saw-row.

Tennessee—In the early days of that State the people had a mania for betting on the ten-spot, hence "Ten-I-see."

Indiana—The State was declared at its first settlement to be so healthy that it was quite a question for a time whether those who went In-die-any. That somehow got to be the name.

Illinois—The earliest settlers were made sick by the howling of wild beasts and of the Chicago City Council, hence Ill-o'-noise.

Missouri—Named "Misery" originally, now corrupted to Missouri.

Iowa—This State has always been free from debt, and its motto is "I owe-a-cent to nobody." In confirmation of that fact "nobody" called the State Iowa.

Minnesota—A small stream called the Sota, famous for its minnies, gave name to that State.—*Fat Contributor.*

☞ The imparting of secrets may be considered a proof of the greatest folly, and the keeping of them as an act, not only of wisdom, but of friendship.

THE STORY OF A THOUGHT.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

What seemed a dark and formless void,
Is now astir with life—
The pallid germ, almost destroyed,
Rears upward in the strife;
It quivers—breathes—the color glows,
And into being hurled,
The new idea, like lightning, goes
Through all this busy world.

Time-honored error takes affright,
And strikes his brazen bell—
Up start the guards in armor bright,
They know their duty well;
The long-drawn line, with sounding tramp,
Obey their master's will,
And form without their common camp
To prove their deadly skill.

Adown the line the stranger-thought
All unattended comes,
Old error's guards are bribed and bought,
They roll their noisy drums;
But loud above the jarring sound
Peal out a clarion clear
It fills the welkin, round and round,
And wins the hostile ear.

Some skirmishing there is, no doubt,
But soon old error sees
His trusted forces put to rout,
And with them quickly flees;
And thus the new idea begins
Itself to demonstrate,
It wars against both shams and sin,
The little and the great.

So runs a living thought its course,
Straight onward in its track,
Despising fraud, unawed by force,
And never turning back;
And when, at last, the race is run,
The stronger for the test
Stands forth this latest chosen one—
The youngest, yet the best!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HEALTH VERSUS DEATH.

Would we only study the laws of health as we study the laws which govern communities, etc., we should surely be great gainers by the information we should obtain. For those who are the deepest students concerning the human structure, and whose diligent researches have qualified them to judge, assert that this wonderful machine—the body—this goodly human temple, would not be laid low in infancy, youth or middle age by frightful diseases and manifold sufferings if we would only obey the laws of nature, heed her teachings, listen to, her appeals to us, and learn to order our lives according to the dictates of reason and common sense. By intemperance in both eating and drinking, by neglect of exercise, cleanliness and breathing pure air, by close application to business, intense study, by dissipation in all its hundred forms, by late hours and improper clothing, we defile this temple builded to perfection by the hand of the Almighty, and produce its ruin, its desolation and its utter good-for-nothingness. And when it falls, when the soul forsakes its wretched casket and returns to its Maker, we impute its decay and death to the Lord.

Now, we would ask, is not this impiety as well as ignorance? We hear of a man who is cut down apparently in the midst of his usefulness. He is a prominent member of society, eminent in his profession, and a kind and tender husband and father.

"What a sad Providence!" exclaim his friends.

We reply. "Not at all! What had Providence to do with it? God gave him a strong mind, a robust constitution and a powerful frame. How did he treat them?"

Why, he abused them *in toto;* he gave himself no time for needful exercise; he ate luxurious dinners, drank various kinds of wines, etc.; and his over-stimulated brain and body broke down with the labor he forced himself to undergo. Apoplexy, or heart disease, or typhoid fever was induced by his utter violation of the laws of nature; and can you tell us that "Providence" removed him in the midst of his usefulness?

Assuredly not! his untimely departure was but the effect of his own ignorance. Learned in law, learned in politics, learned in finance, learned in commerce he might have been; but he was totally ignorant of the demands and necessities of his own body, and so he fell; and what shall be his epitaph?

Again, a young mother dies when her life seems most essential to the welfare of her husband and children.

"What a strange Providence!" is the general exclamation of her acquaintances.

Was it the Lord? can we truthfully say—"It is the Lord, let Him do unto us what seemeth to Him good?"

No, indeed, God had assigned unto her a life of three-score years and ten; a life long enough to have enabled her to have seen and blessed her children's children. And how were His intentions frustrated? By a total ignorance of the laws of her nature. She was delicately nurtured; not accustomed to daily exercise in the fresh air; her muscular system was not hightoned; her nerves lacked strength; her blood was weak; her whole body vitiated by neglect of proper means to vitalize it. Her mother and father sinned in ignorance of physical laws, and she must pay the penalty.

The sins of the fathers shall surely be visited upon their children. This is an inevitable law from which none of us can possibly escape.

Ought those parents to sit down in their misery and grief, and say that the Lord has chastened them? Should they not rather deplore their own ignorance?

A lovely young girl enters society, and attends evening entertainments.

According to the usages of fashion, she must lay aside the high corsage and long sleeves of her daily attire, and adorn herself in dainty, flowing, gauzy apparel of lace, muslin or crape with *décolleté* corsage and bare arms; and thin stockings and thin satin slippers must take the place of the stockings and high kid boots in daily use. For whoever saw a young lady enter society muffled up to her chin and with long sleeves, etc.

For awhile the inborn strength of her physique may arrest disease. She may escape neuralgia, that foe of young ladies; catarrhal fevers, inflammations and diphtheretic symptoms; but still they will sometimes assert their claim on her, and they will set their mark upon the brilliant eye, the ruby lip and the rosy cheek until death claims them all—triumphs over all obstacles—and gains the victory over life. And then a circle of mourning relatives and friends lament over her early departure, and exclaim:

"Alas! alas! that she should die, cut off in the midst of happiness. What a terrible dispensation of Providence!"

We cry rather—

"What a terrible dispensation of ignorance!"

"Cut off in the midst of happiness!"

Yea, truly, but she herself cut the thread of her existence, and the Lord permitted it, for He shows us the paths wherein we may walk. He has spread out before us the chart of our lives; it is for us to find out the whirlpools which will drag us down to the grave: the shoals and quicksands which will engulf us, the hidden rocks which will pierce through the foundations of the body, and cut short the three score and ten years which have been allotted to man while in the flesh. If a healthy, blooming young girl will dress herself in direct violation of Heaven's laws, and thereby engender disease in her system, does she not take her own life?

There can be no other verdict upon one-half of the deaths of this period.

Daily, our friends drop around us, like the leaves of autumn, gone to their graves—victims of diseases incurred by their own studied neglect of their bodies.

Fit temples are they of a never-dying soul, if we would only guard and guide them aright, would only make them the objects of study. Learn the formation and requirements of the brain; learn the mechanism of the stomach, that wonderful laboratory surpassing human skill; learn the formation and needs of muscles, ligaments, nerves, bones and blood, dear friends; and understand fully and wholly the necessities of your body.

Learn also to withhold from them all needlessly stimulating drinks, and excessive amounts of food, and to give them sufficient exercise. If we would only make a study of ourselves, this goodly temple of the human frame would decay gradually, and when death took possession of it, it would be as it were falling asleep, and not dying. Yet—

"When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the escutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Biographical Sketches.

MARK ANTONY.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Mark Antony's father, surnamed the Cretan, because he had conducted a war in Crete, was noted in Rome for his integrity and benevolence. His mother Julia was of the family of the Cæsars. She was a woman of superior mind and irreproachable conduct. Under her direction Antony was educated. After the death of her husband she married Cornelius Lentulus. Cicero put Lentulus to death for having been implicated in the famous conspiracy of Catiline; this was the cause of Antony's hatred for Cicero—a hatred that was quenched only by the murder of the illustrious orator.

While very young, he unfortunately made the acquaintance of Curio, a man devoted to profligacy. Curio led him into all kinds of dissipation, and he was soon deeply in debt. He attached himself to the party of the turbulent Clodius, and afterward visited Greece, where he studied oratory and the art of war. He preferred the Asiatic style of eloquence, as it was in accordance with his manners, which were vain, pompous, insolent, and assuming. In his first expedition against Aristobulus, who had excited the Jews to rebel, he was brilliantly successful. When Ptolemy entered the city of Pelusium, he determined to massacre the inhabitants, but Antony opposed his design, and prevented the slaughter. It is doubtful whether Antony was impelled to this interference by magnanimity or the desire of conciliating public opinion. The respect with which he treated the body of Archelaus, who, although he died in the ranks of the enemy, had been Antony's friend, gained him golden opinions both in Greece and Rome.

"Antony," says an old biographer, "had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard, a large forehead, an aquiline nose; and, upon the whole, the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules." In order to make this resemblance more complete, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and a coarse mantle. His munificence and familiarity with the common soldiers, made him the favorite of the army. He once ordered two hundred and fifty thousand decies to be given to a friend. His steward, astonished at the magnitude of the sum, laid the silver in a heap before him. Divining that the intention of his steward was to surprise him by the height of the glittering pile, he said—

"I really thought the sum would have made a better figure. It is too little: let it be doubled."

It is fair to add that this same story is told of Alexander the Great.

In the contest between the rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, Antony espoused the cause of the latter. During this sanguinary struggle for power, Antony's military talents had full scope, and proved to be but little inferior to those of Cæsar himself. At the decisive battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar testified his high estimate of Antony's abilities by allowing him to lead the left wing, while he commanded the right.

Shortly after this battle, which decided the empire of the world, Cæsar was appointed dictator, and he placed Antony next to him in power. While his military genius was exalting his reputation, his extreme extravagance and profligacy were lowering him in the estimation of the Roman people. Sergius, a player, had much interest with him, and Cytheris, an actress, attended him in his expeditions with great pomp and splendor. His dissolute life excited the murmurs of the people, and Cæsar, as a mark of disapprobation, made Lepidus, and not Antony, his colleague in the consulship. About this time, he married Fulvia, widow of his former friend Clodius, a woman who desired to rule armies and nations through her husband. If Antony governed the army, Fulvia's violent and domineering temper governed Antony.

When there were dark rumors in the wind of designs against Cæsar's life, Dolabella, a young tribune, and Antony were accused. "It is not these fat, sleek fellows that I fear," Cæsar said, contemptuously, "but the pale and the lean." By the latter terms, he indicated Brutus and Cassius. He had reason to fear them. On the ides of March, he fell beneath their daggers at the foot of Pompey's statue, exclaiming "Et tu Brute!" Antony being a friend of Cæsar, the conspirators at first proposed that he should be murdered at the same time, but Brutus opposed this, so Antony was held in discourse without the senate-house, while the work of death was being consummated within. Antony fled from Rome in disguise, but finding that the assassins had no hostile design against him, he returned, and that night supped with Cassius. He next day assembled the senate, proposed a general amnesty, and had provinces assigned to Brutus and Cassius; and in this way he saved Rome from a civil war. But knowing that if Brutus were lowered, he himself would be the most popular man in Rome, he delivered the funeral oration over the body of Cæsar in the forum, in such moving words that the populace tore brands from the funeral pyre, to attack the murderers. Brutus and his partisans left the city, and Antony became the leader of Cæsar's friends. Calphurnia, Cæsar's widow, confided her treasure to him, and many of the dead dictator's papers fell into his hands. By filling up the blank spaces in these with the names of his friends, he contrived to promote some of them to offices of trust, and to release others from exile.

When Octavius Cæsar, Antony and Lepidus formed a triumvirate, and agreed to inaugurate it by each shedding the blood of a friend, Antony gave up his uncle Lucius Cæsar to Octavius. Lucius fled to the protection of Antony's mother, his sister Julia. The pursuers had forced their way to the room where Lucius was, when the brave matron placed herself before the door, and said: "You shall not kill Lucius Cæsar until you have first killed me, the mother of your general." The soldiers were obliged to retire, and Lucius was saved.

Antony saw Cleopatra in all the pride of her beauty, and from thenceforth she was the centre of his existence. Of him, as of Sir Lancelot, it might be said—

"Faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

Even the youth and beauty of his second wife, Octavia, could not make him forget the Egyptian queen. For her sake he was willing to risk all. When Octavius Cæsar, incensed justly by the ill-treatment Octavia had received, marched against Antony, it was not the irreparable loss of the battle of Actium that caused him to end his life by falling on his sword, but the supposed death of Cleopatra. Antony was about fifty-six when he died. In conjunction with Cleopatra, he had governed Egypt fourteen years. His statues were demolished. History has rarely recorded the actions of a more successful general or of a more worthless man.

A Singular Case.

For months I have been in the possession of facts concerning the alarming mental condition of a young lady residing upon Prospect street in , who was once the pride of her parents and delight of her friends, yet who has recently become so changed as to cause great anxiety to her relatives, and gossip among the neighbors; and the case being one of great singularity, now demands publicity.

Her father says he first noticed her idiosyncrasy last January, one morning at the breakfast-table, when she not only acted as if in a state of great happiness, but said "if you please," and "thank you," as she asked for food and was served. A day or two later her mother found her in her room darning stockings, instead of reading novels, and she also appeared in the kitchen a day or two later, and insisted upon helping her parent in the labor of baking and making pastry and bread.

A physician was at once called in, who, unknown to the patient, watched her through a keyhole for an hour while she was engaged in repairing her little brother's torn trowsers, and sewing buttons on her father's shirts. The doctor said he had practised twenty-five years, and never during his entire medical practice had he seen any young unmarried female manifest such symptoms as those witnessed. Her appetite, however, seemed to increase rather than diminish, and a rosy flush was observable on her cheeks which had not been seen before.

But the most singular symptom was developed a few days since, when her father, hoping to draw her from her new ideas, placed two hundred dollars in her hands, with the remark, "There, Nannie, rig yourself out in a nice spring dress."

She immediately replied, "I do not need a new dress, now, and if you will let me keep twenty-five dollars of this to pay old Mrs. MacIannigauety's rent, (her husband has just died, you know,) I had much rather you would take the rest of the money and apply it to that new property you have purchased."

The old man looked at her a few minutes and then fell upon the floor in anguish, saying between his sobs, "her mind is gone: her mind is gone!"

I called to see her yesterday, and found her building a nice pudding and putting a mansard roof of frostwork on a fruit cake. But there was a look in her eyes that told too plainly she would not long be seen in her elegant home. A solitaire ring on her fore-finger told the near approach of the winged and youthful destroyer who shoots his victims with arrows, and as I left the premises a young man in spring-bottom pants and a white hat, bounded up the steps with the air of one who knows the affair will soon be over. She will pass away some morning in June. No cards.

Some Varieties of Eyes

Birds of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures and carrion-seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic vision, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening, so that they see just as distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air. This fact explains the balancing of a fish-hawk on its pinions half a mile above a still pond, watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the focal axis varying as the square of the distance, giving the hawk a distinct view of its intended prey always. As they ascend, then the axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement so as to see far again. Snails have their keen eyes at the extremity of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument round the edge of a leaf or a small stalk they can see how matters stand on the opposite side. The hammer headed shark has its wicked-looking eyes nearly two feet apart. It can bend the thin edgings of the head on which the organs are located so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a fully grown codfish. Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of being smooth hemispheres, they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.—*New York Mail.*

Art of Swimming.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the art of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Now clasp me closely to your breast in one long, last embrace;
And bend above my failing sight the glory of your face;
And press your warm lips unto mine as in the days afar—
Remember 'twas your burning kiss that sullied them as they are.

If this poor fluttering life were fled adown the unknown track,
I think one longing look from thee would call my spirit back;
It scarce can wring your cruel heart that stricken thus I lie—
The wanton hand that plucks a flower must look to see it die.

The prying world need never know about the girlish heart
You won from purity and truth unto this bitter part;
I do not cast you one reproach, 'tis sweeter thus to die
Than to have lived without your love or coldly passed it by.

Kiss me once more, it cannot now add aught to my disgrace,
If Eden's angels shut the door against my guilty face;
'Twill lighten all my punishment the long, long ages through,
To know I suffer for the sin of too much loving you!"

* * * * * * *

The winged days have flitted by, unnoticed and forgot,
The wild blue vervain marks her grave within the stranger's lot;
His queenly wife hath driven oft a-near the enclosing gates;
Ah, well for her and well for all, that dead folks tell no tales.

And thus is it in all the world the guiltiest man may wed
The purest lady in the land and censure go unsaid,
But for the one his wiles hath lured from virtue's lofty place,
'Tis well for her if graveyard grass grows thick above her face.

MIRIAM EARL.

The Gray Mare the Better Horse.

In answer to a correspondent who asks the origin of the above proverb, the New York Observer gives the following story:

This well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstances. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found not long after marriage that she was of a high, domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right or wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof. If you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business was urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband or he rules over you?" "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

☞ A person may discipline the muscles of the face, and he may control the voice; but there is something in the eye beyond the will, and we must frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

"Bring Me Word How Tall She Is."

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

"How tall is your Rosalind?"
"*Just as high as my heart.*"
[As You Like It.]

I.

Within a garden shade,
A garden sweet and dim,
Two happy children played
Together; he was made
For God, and she for him.

II.

Together, girl and boy,
They wandered, ne'er apart;
Each wrought to each sonsy,
Yet each knew never joy
Save in the other's heart.

III.

By her so oft deceived,
By him so sore oppress'd;
They each the other grieved,
Yet each of each was best
Beloved, and still caressed.

IV.

And she was in his sight
Found fairest, still his prize.
His constant chief delight;
She raised to him her eyes
That led her not aright.

V.

And ever by his side
A patient huntress ran
Through forests dark and wide;
And all the woman's pride
And glory, was the man.

VI.

When her he would despise,
She kept him captive bound;
Forbidding her to rise,
By many cords and ties
She held him to the ground.

VII.

At length, in stature grown,
He stands erect and free;
Yet stands he not alone,
For his beloved would be
Like him she loveth wise, like him she loveth free.

VIII.

So wins she her desire,
Yet stand they not apart;
For as she doth aspire
He grows, nor stands she higher
Than her beloved's heart.

—Jean Ingelow, in St. Paul's.

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XXII.

BY GREEN WATERS.

Cornet Cecil Mordaunt was certainly very much shaken, and his arm was certainly in great need of surgical aid, while his system had received a shock which required rest and care. But, perhaps, had the young officer been consulted by any one in whom he had strict and inviolable confidence, he would have declared that he had never been so happy in his life.

It was his first lesson in that path which we all must tread, more or less wisely.

By the assistance of the doctor, and an active dame of some sixty years, who with the dame of thirty composed the household, he was put to bed soon after the departure of the captain. This done, his arm was set, medicine procured, and directions given as to his future treatment.

The young girl installed herself head nurse, much against the wish of the one she called nurse herself, and of the other whom she called mother; but young, and gentle, and handsome as she was, she did not appear one who was very much used to be controlled, and so her friend yielded.

At length, however, the invalid received the last potion for the night, had a night-light provided and a bell to summon aid, and then the trio of females themselves retired.

"My dear Maud," said "mother," "I think you are acting very imprudently. Your father will not like your receiving this youth into his house; much less will he approve of your personal superintendence of him."

"Papa," replied the bright-eyed and beaming young girl, "will most likely think whatever I have done correct. Besides, if there is one thing he has taught me more than another it is Christian charity."

"Still he objects, and always has, to strangers," urged the nurse.

"Well, we shall see. In the meantime let us go to bed, as I must be up early to see my patient."

And despite all opposition she was as good as her word. Sending in mother to open the shutters, draw the curtains, and see if the patient was ready to receive her, Maud shortly after made her appearance with a breakfast, which to a sick man was rather tantalizing. Cecil would, perhaps, out of gratitude, have taken more than was good for him, but soon found that tea and dry toast was all he could manage.

Maud saw him consume his meagre breakfast, using his left hand, in admiring silence.

"And now I must leave you to rest until the doctor comes," she urged. "Take all the repose you can."

The doctor declared that nothing could be more satisfactory, praised the nursing, ordered more medicine, very slight nutriment and quiet.

Talking, except in great moderation, was strictly forbidden.

He needed not have given this injunction. What with the pain and dizziness from loss of blood, he had no very great desire to talk. He was quite satisfied to listen, to watch, to feel, as it were, his gentle nurse gliding tenderly about the room.

A glance at her bright and happy face was already Elysium.

No more dangerous and critical state of affairs can possibly occur in the history of two young people; taking for granted that they are both heart-whole, the situation is peculiarly trying.

Gratitude on the one hand, and pity and sympathy on the other, are mightily apt to kindle into full-blown love. The situation of the young people was, therefore, eminently romantic, and calculated to arouse the more emotional feelings.

Cecil was delicate, but handsome and open-faced; Maud was beautiful as women rarely are. Both were of that higher order of beings in whom deep feelings are paramount.

With here and there a word from Cecil the day passed pretty rapidly, so that Captain Arundell appeared to come singularly early.

Maud, on his arrival, left the room.

"Well, what cheer?" said the elder officer.

"I suppose, considering everything," replied Cecil, "I am, as the old women say, as well as can be expected. My arm is stiff, my sides ache, and I am in a state of perpetual thirst."

"Been talking to little fairy too much."

"No, upon honor," replied Cecil, whose face was turned to the wall. "By the way, Arundell, as the governor and Lady Blanche are at Brighton, it's no use sending up for them. I shall be well before they come back."

"Well, I should think so, if young and old do not coddle you up too much," exclaimed the other, laughing. "I suppose you can be fetched to-morrow?"

"By no means," said Miss Maud, in a precise tone. She had returned to the room, and stood in the shadow of the window-curtains, where Arundell could scarcely see her. "The doctor says a week or two, and the doctor must be obeyed."

"And the fair nurse as well," replied the officer, with a smile of genuine admiration.

Maud blushed, and turned the conversation to the treatment of the patient, which the captain highly approved of, and went away with the understanding that he would see the surgeon and settle with him the date of his friend's removal.

"What a lovely creature," he said to himself as he rode homeward. "My very ideal of a lovely girl—of a sweet and gentle wife. Bah! what has an old soldier of nine-and-twenty, who has weathered Canada and the Crimea, to do with such ideal loveliness as that? Besides, the boy will win her heart. He is near her, his accident has made him interesting, and it will have the usual end. But be careful, Master Cecil Mordaunt, that you trifle not with so rare and beautiful a flower. Be she who she may, she is too good for any folly—and if not good enough for your wife, must be given up. Heaven shield you, pretty child! You see nothing but the roses now; the dark thorns beneath will soon enough be visible."

This was too true. Already were they peering forth from the bed of roses.

While the gallant captain's susceptible heart was so touched by the girlish beauties of the fair Samaritan, mother and nurse were holding an earnest conference, the result of which was communicated in due time to Maud.

"Your father will be home soon," said the elder party, beginning the attack.

"I hope so," replied the young lady, gayly.

"You are aware how strictly your papa has ordered us to keep you from all contact with strangers?"

"Well, and what then?"

"How he has, over and over again, impressed on us that, should we ever fail in our duty, ever desert our post, or disobey him, we are to be sent away at once," she urged.

"I know all that, mamma," cried Maud, earnestly, "and I will take all the blame of our visitor on my head. You shall not suffer. It was I who took him in—I who sent for a doctor—I who ordered him to be put to bed."

"Yes, but we ought to have resisted," said mamma, shaking her head.

"No you ought not to—you couldn't do it. You know you never did refuse me anything—and now, how were you going to begin?" she cried, laughing.

But the two women were scarcely to be comforted, knowing, as they did, the character of their master, and the earnest desire he had ever manifested to see his child brought up in utter ignorance of the outer world.

Mr. Meriton was both a sailor and a merchant, who commanded one of his own vessels, and occasionally made voyages to the Mediterranean and such like distances, returning on an average every two months, to spend sometimes a fortnight, sometimes a year, at home. He was not brought up to the sea; but having taken to it for a short time for health's sake, he had so liked the activity of the life, the strife with the elements, the constant change of scene, that he continued his voyages, and appeared in every way to be adding every day to what was no mean store.

On the fourth day after the accident, and while the young officer slept, he came home. He was a handsome man of five-and-forty, though bearded like the pard, and evidently enjoyed good health. His reception of the congratulations of the women was dignified and calm; but when he folded his daughter in his arms, his whole frame shook with a thrill of more than mortal delight.

"My darling treasure," he cried, "how handsome you have grown."

Maud blushed, and hoped her father was as well and as generous-hearted as usual.

And then he, with head slightly averted, and eyes veiled by his hands, heard her artless though earnest story.

"God help me," was his reply, when she had ended, "for no one else can. The hawk is in the dovecote. Who and what is this sick youth?"

"He is an officer in the army, and his name is Cecil Mordaunt," she answered, with a look of triumph at her female guardians.

Captain Meriton pressed her to his heart to hide the agony of his countenance. There was no anger on his face, but deep sorrow, mortal agony.

A worse blow than any he could have contemplated in this world had fallen on him: a blow that was really more than he could bear.

"Your heart has led you right," he said, with as much calmness as he could assume, "but it would have been more prudent to have sent him to an hotel. The age of indiscriminate hospitality is over."

"You will not send him away now?"

"He is your guest, my daughter," was the calm reply; "and now that you have provided for the stranger within your gates, will you think of dinner for your papa, who has been two months away, and longs for home comforts?"

Maud kissed him heartily, and flew to the kitchen, followed by nurse—while mamma gave as clear and connected an account of the arrival of the unwelcome guest as she could, taking as much blame as possible to herself.

"'Tis I who am to blame," said the captain, "I should have sent her farther away; but it shall be seen to. Say no more. But they must be parted, if it costs her years of sorrow. Know you not that this boy is the son of my mortal enemy!"

"What a misfortune!"

"Fatality; but it must be guarded against. We must move again—where none can follow. It shall be seen to."

And that evening, though Maud never left him, though she sent "nurse" to wait upon the stranger, the wanderer knew no joy in his home. His daughter, well-beloved, and cherished beyond all price, was there, but she was no longer wholly his. A dark curtain had come between him and the girlish innocence of her soul.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN EXPLANATION.

Next morning Cecil Mordaunt was by no means so well and cheerful as he had been the day before. The whole of the evening had passed without his seeing his nurse, whose fairy frame and voice and manner he sorely missed. Nurse did all that was needed; but she was taciturn, spoke no more than was needed, and showed little or no sympathy with his wants and wishes.

"Why does your mistress not come to-night?" he asked more than once.

"Don't know," said the other, sharply; "better engaged, I suppose."

Cecil sighed. Was, then, this pleasant dream, this fairy vision of his entrance into life, to fade so soon. That night he was restless and uneasy, slept ill, and was proportionably feverish in the morning.

Maud came in after breakfast, saw the change, frowned, gave him his drink, shook up his pillow, and then sat down.

"How is it you are so hot and feverish?" she said, sharply.

"Didn't sleep last night," he replied.

"How is that?"

"You never came to wish me good-night. I thought of it until this morning."

Maud faintly blushed, and then sighed.

"My father came home, and it was my duty to attend to him before anybody else."

"Of course; your father is very good to you?"

"He is all that is noble, and good, and kind," she answered, quickly.

"And your mamma?" he asked.

"I never knew her. She died when I was still a child."

"Then you have lost much," said Cecil Mordaunt, warmly. "My father has always been generous and first-rate to me—treats me like a friend; but my mother—she is too good, too kind. She loves me more than she loves herself. You would like my mother."

"Is she like you?" asked Maud, artlessly.

"They say so. But I hope you will know her. She is sure to come and thank you."

"Why has she not been to see you?"

"I bade Captain Arundell say nothing of my illness. Told her by any one but myself, my accident would assume fearful proportions. When I am well she can listen to it calmly."

"That is kind of you," mused Maud, with a smile. "I wonder what my poor mother was like."

The captain stood in the door-way. He saw their sparkling countenances, he seemed to read their very hearts, and reading that gave him grief unutterable. But he was a man who had schooled his passions, and could assume feelings that he felt not when needful.

Few men in life had been more tried than he—tried, too, in the most cruel manner through his best affections.

"I am sorry for your accident, sir," he said, advancing, "and I hope you have had every care your situation required."

This was said with lofty courtesy; but even the youthful cornet could detect the under-current of sarcasm and anger, which his trembling lip ill concealed from notice.

"I was brought here insensible, sir, or I am the last person to intrude. Still, as I am here, I can only say that, if all hospital patients had such kind attention, accidents would be less regretted. All in your house have vied in anxiety to serve me, while your daughter, sir, has shown a tenderness and kindness which I cannot too highly extol."

"She is my child, and needs no praises."

At this moment Maud left the room.

"And now, sir, when think you you can be removed?" he asked, abruptly.

"The doctor—" stammered Cecil.

"I am not going to drive you forth before your time, or in defiance of the doctor's advice," said the captain; "but once you leave, I must request you will forget the road to my house—the existence of me and mine. If my daughter has nursed you well and tenderly, and you feel gratitude, the only thanks I ask is never to let her see you again. I would rather the meanest wretch that ever crawled, the vilest criminal that ever escaped from a condemned cell, than you should have come here. Personally, I know you not, and have nothing to say for or against you. But I know your family and race; from contact with you and yours I have shielded my angel for sixteen years. If I have to bury myself in the wildest deserts of Arabia, the most desolate mountain region of America, you must meet no more."

"Heavens, sir, what have I done to call down this curse upon me? Mr. Meriton, I love your daughter with all the fervor of a young man's first affection, and I had hoped—"

"Hope nothing, sir. My daughter will return directly. Swear to me that no word of love has or shall fall from your lips, or even now I separate you forever, and reveal to her my irrevocable determination."

"Rather than see her no more," cried Cecil, impetuously, "I will promise anything."

"I accept your word, believing you a man of honor," said the father, gravely; "and now, after taking this potion, tell me how the accident occurred."

Cecil, wishing to please the father of his beautiful nurse, readily took the potion, and then, in a frank and manly way, told of his entrance into the army, his invitation to join his brother officers, winding up with the accident to the drag.

"From that instant I knew nothing till I found myself on a couch in the next room, attended by your daughter, my friend Captain Arundell, and the doctor. The latter it was who declared I could not be removed."

"He was probably right," said Meriton, quietly, "and though I regret much that you should have been brought hither, I am glad you have received every attention. The doctor will best decide as to your removal."

Maud entered, to summon her father, who went out, taking her with him.

"Never did I behold so bewitching a girl. In every motion grace and perfection. Her father, harsh as he is, is evidently a gentleman. What sad old grievance can he have against the governor? I half think the old folks quarrel in early days to spite their future sons. If I could only find out what it is about! Well—well! He may keep me from seeing her, but not from thinking of her. Who knows but what I may discover the secret! Here she comes!"

It was, indeed, Maud, who from instinct perceiving that Cecil was not happy had returned to keep him company. Never during their few days' acquaintance had any interview been so sad: a strange presentiment seemed to weigh them down.

The half-unconscious lovers appeared to know that they were to meet no more; that the season of joy was over, that of trial and tribulation about to begin.

Not a word was spoken on either side to which the father could have taken exception, but they spoke in a low, earnest tone. They made faint allusions to long separations, and then both were silent; he sorrowful, his heart bursting to speak; she with tears bedewing her beautiful cheeks.

At this juncture the doctor came, and found his patient somewhat feverish and backward. The man was a shrewd observer of the world, and saw at a glance how things were. But he made no remark.

Many a doctor has made his fortune by being reticent in his observations.

In this case he had a shrewd guess how his communication would be received, and so resolved to be silent.

"Complete quiet," he remarked. "There is a slight aggravation of fever, which must be subdued."

"Then I cannot leave to-day?" asked Cecil, with a sly glance at Maud.

"Certainly not," pronounced the doctor, just as the captain entered.

And so, this being Friday, it was decided that Cecil should remain until Monday, when he must either show himself at headquarters or obtain fresh leave of absence.

This decision was at a later hour communicated by Mr. Meriton to Captain Arundell, upon whose countenance the sailor-merchant gazed with something like awe, so familiar did it appear to him in some other stage of existence as it were.

"It is a sad accident for a cavalry officer," observed Arundell, "and all the more serious for the trouble it has given you."

"As the trouble will all end on Monday, that matters little. I have nothing to say against the young man—only, I object to strangers. Mr. Mordaunt is an only son, I believe."

"An only son; his father, Sir Vincent Mordaunt, has long been married to the Lady Blanche, but this is their only child. The baronet is proud of him as his heir—the mother idolizes him. Upon my word, they are not much to be blamed. He appears a fine young fellow, and likely to do credit to the service."

Mr. Meriton bowed, but made no reply.

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

"I seem to know that fellow—uncommonly short and dry. It's clear he don't like poor Cecil, who won't be allowed to dangle in that direction. I fancy he is bit a little hard, and will find it trying at first. But men get over it—yes, they get over it. There was my boyish flame—I was hot enough over that; but when she laughed at me, called me a boy, and sneered at my age, the sore was bad enough at first, but it soon died away. Poor Lilly, I wonder what has become of her; she never was anything like so lively as Maud. I wonder if this little minx would think me too old, just as Lilly thought me too young."

And though scarcely yet able to decide as to the seriousness of his own reflection, the captain found himself thinking of Maud a great deal more than was agreeable or pleasant.

On his return to the apartment which he occupied when not on duty he found a letter that amazed and startled him.

It was from Mr. Haldane, his guardian and more than father, who announced his return to England, and requested his company next day to dinner.

"I have been detained in Italy by Eleanor's long term of convalescence. She is now perfectly recovered, and will be happy to see her old friend and playfellow!"

"Humph!" said Captain Arundell, dryly; "just as I am on with the new, the old love turns up. But that is quite dead—quite—and nothing can retrieve it."

As a rule, the captain was right. A love that once has ceased is as difficult to resuscitate as the soul of the departed—dead once, dead for aye.

And yet it may have been deep and earnest while it lasted, until killed by frost or fire.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHADOWS OF THE DEPARTED.

The real history of Balthazar, otherwise Mr. John Haldane, was known to few, if any, save to Hubert Mordaunt, who had been so strangely deserted by his wife, Lucy Mordaunt; but even to him the mystery of his life was chiefly a secret, which the other kept with the more jealousy that in reality it was not one of great importance.

But why he had joined the gypsies, and why, again, he had left them, no one knew.

During the interval that had elapsed since the departure of Captain Walter Arundell for Canada, after a flirtation with Eleanor, which ended in a refusal, the elder had taken the girl to Italy. Her health was delicate, and he, wrapped chiefly in her, had devoted his whole life to her safety.

After many changes, she was now well, and quite able to bear the variable and changeable climate of England.

John Haldane, still handsome, was white-haired and thinner than of old. There was still a majesty about him which was recognized on all hands.

Captain Walter Arundell saw it at once, as he warmly welcomed his guardian to England.

"And Eleanor?" cried Walter, almost gayly.

"Is here to answer for herself," she said, advancing to meet him, a splendid woman, no longer a girl, but beautiful beyond all power of description.

There was a grandeur, a lofty refinement in her manner, as well as a geniality that surprised the captain, who shook hands with her warmly, and entered into lively conversation with her.

Mr. Haldane looked on with a smile.

The one dream of his life had been a union between Walter and Eleanor, but it had been broken off by what appeared the girl's own willfulness, and up to now with no hope of renewal.

Balthazar watched them, then, with deep interest, anxious to know if what had been might not be again, scarce philosopher enough to know how rarely such "returns of the past" are possible.

At all events, they were good friends—sat by one another at dinner, chatted pleasantly, and when Eleanor rose and left the room, it was with a request that they would join her shortly.

"What think you of her?"

"Eleanor is more beautiful even than I expected her to be," replied Captain Arundell.

"Ah, it's a pity that you were in such a hurry to take a child's word before you went to Canada. Eleanor has never forgiven herself, and from that hour has refused every suitor!"

"I hope I have not had anything to do with her single-blessedness?" said Walter Arundell.

"You have, boy," replied Mr. Haldane; "but I don't blame you, and she never would forgive me if she thought I had spoken. You will be kind to her. Who knows but in time—"

"Leave it, then, to time. I must say her rejection preyed upon my mind a long time; but she is so beautiful, so every way charming and amiable, that when I see more of her my old liking may return. I imagine not; but this I will say—I sincerely wish it would. She is fit to be the mate of a prince."

"Thanks, and now, Walter, pass the wine. I have waited for this interview for years. I could not ask you to leave duty to join me, while I could not abandon my daughter for anything. You remember, I promised to enter more minutely into your history at some future period?"

"I remember the promise."

"And I have not forgotten it. You are a near relative of mine on the mother's side; but your father is yet unknown to you, as he must be to you for awhile. I would, ere coercion was put upon him, try and induce him to recognize you of his own accord."

"It would, sir, perhaps, be wise for me to remain as I am—your presumed son. I can hardly wish a better father."

"No one that will love you more, or care more for your interests. But in meting out justice, I have my sister to think of. She has never yet had full justice done her."

"Poor woman! she is where she will little care," said the philosophical captain.

"Quite true; but I do not so easily give up the dream of a life. I have dreamed of a splendid career for you—justice to the dead, punishment for the living who deserve it."

"I am not very anxious," said Walter; "but when you think proper to unveil the mystery, I suppose you will allow me to judge whether I approve sufficiently of my father to adopt him? He may be unworthy of respect; he may have other children whom it were a cruelty to punish. A hundred reasons may, in fact, concur to make me wish the secret kept."

"You are a strange fellow, Walter; I never knew a man with so little ambition."

"The fellows all know me as Walter Arundell. I have made a name, such as it is, under that title. It would be rather a pity to change it now."

John Haldane shrugged his shoulders with something like contempt.

"We shall see, my independent friend, as time goes on. Who knows but in a week you will implore me to reveal to you your father?"

The captain laughed, and after drinking a glass of wine, changed the subject.

Shortly after, the two men rose and joined the daughter, who spoke with raptures of Italy, of music, of painting, of art in general, and expressed her wish, at an early opportunity, to see Carlotta della Rocca, the great luminary who, after a flight over Italy, Rome and France, had alighted upon England.

Captain Walter Arundell agreed to accompany her on an early day in the following week.

After that he did not return to the house of Meriton, being determined to give Eleanor a fair chance, which he felt she would not have if he saw too much of Maud.

On Wednesday, however, he visited Cornet Mordaunt, whom he found quite well, save that his arm was in a sling.

"I was just thinking of you, captain. I am going for a quiet ride, and wanted your company."

"With pleasure. Which way is it to be?"

"Well," said Cecil, rather sheepishly, "I was thinking of making a formal call in Teddington. I have no right to see them again; but just to leave a card, you know."

The captain smiled, and about two hours later the partly unconscious rivals were in sight of the house.

A board was up—"To let," in large dimensions, being written on it, while the pretty garden betrayed every sign of a hasty removal.

"The old man must have some bitter cause of hate against me and mine," observed Cecil, dejectedly. "He made me swear never to speak to Maud without his consent."

"How was that?"

"The fact is, I proposed openly, and he refused me as plainly. I suppose I am young; but I do not mean to despair. Maud, I am sure, feels the separation as much as I do."

"How do you know?" asked the captain, almost jeeringly.

"I am not very learned in the signs and tokens by which young ladies reveal their feelings," said the young officer; "but if Maud is not sorry I will be called a noodle. Well, there is time before us, and with perseverance even Maud Meriton may be won."

The captain made no reply. Somehow or other, he knew not why, he was drawn toward the brave and gallant youth, who, just starting into life, saw no obstacles to the attainment of his dearest wishes, and who, while pursuing the daughter of an unknown sailor, forgot all the difficulties which family pride and plans might throw in his way.

Cecil was, indeed, what may be called a lovable young man. In his regiment he was popular at once, and the mess being wholly composed of gentlemen, he found no difficulty in working his way to favor and friendship.

The open and evident liking which the captain took for him was greatly to his advantage, as the patronage of a soldier who has seen service is always valuable to young beginners.

As soon as his arm was presentable, Cecil, who had broken the matter to his parents by letter, took the captain with him to explain the circumstances. He bargained, however, for no jokes about his nurse—only a casual mention.

Sir Vincent Mordaunt had all the sterner qualities of old. Having weathered the storm, and even the rascally steward's pretty daughter, and being not only a rich man, but the husband at last of Lady Blanche, he had given up all the more dangerous vices, and was now merely a man of fashion in a quiet way, very much surprised and disgusted at himself for many deeds of his youth.

He was stately, rather brusque, and with a painful knowledge of his own bad name hanging about him like an ill-made garment.

His manner was stiff; but when he spoke of his son his whole being changed.

"Captain Walter Arundell, he is a boy to be proud of. Really it is fortunate that so early he should have won your approval. The unfortunate accident, I suppose, we must put down to youthful effervescence."

"Not on his part," said the captain, courteously. "Cecil was no way to blame. He was about the only one among us who had sense to abstain from champagne, and was hurt because he sat outside the rest, to oblige others. Our coachman was a most careful one. It was a pure accident. Fortunately some worthy people—some women and a young girl—who were staying at Teddington took Cecil in, and sent for a doctor, or he might have been longer ill. As it is, he has only gained friendship and good-will on all hands."

We need scarcely say how delighted Lady Blanche Mordaunt was to hear these words of her son, to whom she was so passionately attached.

"You really remove quite a weight from my mind," she said. "Cecil, when will you bring the captain to dinner? I shall send no formal invitation; but remember, Cecil, you will never be so welcome as when you bring the captain."

"Your mother speaks my sentiments; you will be as welcome as if you, too, were my son," said the baronet, with unusual animation.

Captain Walter Arundell bowed and retired, leaving Cecil with his parents.

"Where have I seen his face before? It is quite familiar to me. Arundell! Arundell!" mused Sir Vincent. "If it were more familiar, now, I might have a clue. But I must be getting in my dotage. There is a strange look about his eyes. A man might be truly proud of such a son; and if it were not for poor Cecil, it were no sin to wish that which might have been true. Pity we could not inherit each branch. But these are follies; I am getting old—old and foolish!"

But still, though he strove to stave off the strange and wild ideas which filled his brain, he could not for some time prevent himself from connecting Captain Walter Arundell with some singular passages in his early life, which, however, he believed were wholly buried in oblivion.

At all events, the secret was in the hands of one who had hitherto done nothing to show his intention of blazoning it to the world.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

THE

Bandits of the Prairie.

A TALE OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The women and children were arranged in two lines, leaving a lane about four feet wide between. Toward the further end of the gauntlet were stationed several warriors, armed with heavy clubs, who were to knock the victim down, should he be able to get that far.

The young man was dragged to the starting-point, where his limbs were freed; and the savages gave him two or three severe kicks to start him on his perilous journey. Darrell bounded quickly forward, paying no heed to the stinging blows that fell upon him from every side. With horrible shouts and screams, the squaws struck at him furiously with whips and clubs; but the young man dashed forward unharmed. He seemed to possess superhuman strength and speed. About midway in the line an old squaw, in endeavoring to strike an effective blow, lost her balance and fell flat on her face. Quick as lightning Darrell leaped sideways over her prostrate body, and landed outside the line. Uttering a defiant yell, he bounded over the prairie, heading directly for a grove of timber which bordered the stream a short distance away. The savages were paralyzed with astonishment for a moment; but quickly recovering themselves, they raised a terrible war-whoop and started in pursuit, headed by the medicine-man, whose lithe body and long legs enabled him to run with great rapidity. But Walter Darrell was young and agile as a deer; he rushed across the prairie with a speed that was truly wonderful, and it really seemed that he would be able to make his escape. He was nearing the wood, and his foremost pursuers were several rods behind.

But the Camanches were long-winded as hounds, and they were determined not to lose their prey. They kept steadily on, and soon began to gain upon the fugitive; but ere they could overtake him he had entered the grove, where the thick foliage of the undergrowth afforded excellent opportunities for concealment. The Indians separated and searched through the grove in every direction; but the fugitive could not be found. He had disappeared, but in what manner was a mystery to the savage warriors. Every probable and possible hiding-place was examined, but without success—no trace of the white man could be found.

"The Great Spirit has aided the pale-face," said the Flying Arrow as he met the medicine-man in the midst of the wood.

"This is folly," retorted the medicine-man, angrily, "The Great Spirit knows nothing about it. The pale-face must be concealed somewhere in these bushes, and we must find him."

"The warriors and the squaws of the tribe are expecting the torture, and they must not be disappointed," said the chief. "The search must go on until the white man is found."

The search was continued for hours, but without avail. At last the savages sullenly abandoned the hunt and returned to the village, resolved to wreak double vengeance on the remaining prisoner. While the warriors were preparing for the torture, the medicine-man approached George Stanhope, who, though certain of speedy death himself, had watched with intense joy the flight of his friend.

"Your friend has escaped, curse him!" said the renegade, angrily.

"For which Heaven be praised!" answered Stanhope.

"Much good it will do you—you must now endure all the tortures that were intended for both. That fellow must have had the devil in his heels; but he will yet be taken, and then woe be unto him! My friend, you may as well be saying your prayers, for the torture is about to commence."

"I have but one thing to ask of you," said the young man, "and I entreat you, if you are not a fiend incarnate, to grant my request. Do not force that poor girl to witness my death agonies—torture me as you will, but spare her the sight of such barbarities."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the scoundrel, "you think the scene will shock her delicate nerves, do you? I can't help it—I want my wife to witness my skill in conducting ceremonies of this kind—ha, ha!"

"Why does God permit such a monster to live?" said Stanhope.

"You still persist in flattering me," sneered the renegade. "Perhaps, however, I deserve all the praise you are pleased to bestow upon me. At least I shall try to deserve it before the day is done. But here comes a squad of Camanche squaws, anxious to try their skill upon your tender flesh—so I will let them commence their little tricks, such as pulling your hair, pinching your flesh, and hacking you with knives—sports in which they are very expert."

With a hideous leer, the medicine-man turned away, pausing before the approaching squaws to give them some instructions concerning the torture.

George Stanhope turned his face toward the captive maiden, who was regarding him with ineffable pity, her beautiful black eyes filled with tears, which also left their traces on her pallid cheeks. A thrill of joy ran through the young man's heart, as he marked these evidences of the girl's interest in his fate.

"Good-bye, gentle maiden," he said, with a sad smile. "I begged that you might be spared this terrible sight, but that devilish renegade would not consent. When the torture commences, turn away your head—do not look upon my sufferings, which will soon be over."

"Would to God I might die also," said the girl, sobbing.

"Death would be better than life with that fiend, but you may escape. If you cannot—remember that my spirit awaits yours in the mysterious future to which I am hastening. I have known you but a

little while, Miss Lewis—Myra—but ere I die, I must tell you that I love you; that your beauty and goodness have won my passionate, impulsive heart."

Myra Lewis replied to this declaration with a fresh burst of tears.

"Good-bye, my love. Your tears are balm to my heart. I shall die with your name on my lips. My tormenters are coming, but they shall not extort a groan from me—farewell, to you and to life."

The young girl sobbed bitterly. Stanhope gazed upon the mass of screaming squaws with a smile of disdain.

The torture commenced. Laughing, howling, chattering, the squaws fell upon the prisoner, scratching and pinching his flesh, pulling his hair, striking him across the face with switches, and using every device in their power to inflict pain without seriously injuring the victim—for they wished to prolong his sufferings as much as possible. Although the torture was almost maddening, Stanhope endured it without allowing a groan or a sign of fear to escape him.

At last the squaws were commanded to desist, and several half-grown boys, armed with bows and arrows, were stationed a short distance from the prisoner; and they commenced shooting the arrows as close as possible to the victim's head, without actually hitting him. Once or twice a shaft grazed his cheek, cutting the skin, and causing the blood to trickle down his face; at which the delighted savages laughed and shouted uproariously. But the prisoner did not flinch, and his persecutors soon grew tired of this sport.

Then the old and skilful warriors of the tribe took their places in front of their victim, and commenced throwing their hatchets past his head. Several times a glittering instrument passed scarcely an inch from his face, and the young man expected every moment to feel one of the weapons buried in his brain; but still he showed no signs of fear—not a muscle twitched, and the red braves abandoned their labors in disgust.

"The pale-face is very brave," said the Flying Arrow, admiringly. "If he will join the Camanches, he shall live, and I will make him a chief."

"Never!" said the medicine-man, angrily. "Would the Flying Arrow, the great chief of the Camanches, spare the life of his deadly enemy? No! the pale-face must die: and since our tortures cannot frighten him, the red flames shall consume his flesh at once."

"It is well," replied the chief, who was ruled in everything by his crafty medicine-man. "Warriors, carry the fagots and the dry branches to the spot, and let the flames be kindled."

The warriors obeyed, and a large pile of dry material was gathered together.

"Do you think you can resist all this?" asked the medicine-man, approaching the prisoner, who was calmly watching these preparations.

"You cannot do more than kill me," answered Stanhope. "I expect to die, and am ready. Why do you delay? Let the red flames kiss my flesh—I shall not shrink from their embrace."

"*My wife* seems more affected by your sufferings than yourself," laughed the renegade, glancing toward the still weeping girl.

"May Heaven repay you tenfold for all the agony you cause that innocent being to suffer."

"Bah! what do I care for Heaven, or Hell? You will soon be in one or the other of those places, however—that is, if there is anything left of you after your body is consumed to ashes—which I very much doubt."

A portion of the fagots was arranged at the prisoner's feet, and the torch applied. The flames spread slowly at first, causing an almost suffocating smoke. Some of the warriors knelt down, and began blowing the tardy blaze with their breaths. The red flames increased, until they scorched the prisoner's feet, and the sparks flew into his face; but suddenly a rumbling like distant thunder was heard to the north; the Camanches turned to look, and beheld a band of horsemen riding at full speed toward them, shouting the war-whoop of the Camanches.

"The Rangers! the Rangers! a rescue! a rescue!" yelled the red-skins; and each man grasped his weapons, while the women and children hurried away to the tents.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAVE OF THE BANDITS.

We must now return to follow the fortunes of Louisa Stanhope.

She struggled desperately to free herself from the arms of the Mexican, but her strength was as nothing compared with that of the muscular herdsman. At last she ceased her efforts, and lay passive in the arms of her captor.

"That's right, my dear," said Juan, "your fussing and struggling will only exhaust your own strength, and cannot do any good. It hurts my feelings awfully to force a lady into anything, but you would not listen to reason, so I was obliged to use other means to conquer your stubborn will. When you come to know me, my sweet, you will not regard me as you do now—you will love me even as I love you, and as my wife you shall enjoy all the luxuries that your heart can desire—for I am a rich man, Louisa, and have an elegant home prepared to receive you. To be sure, it is in an out-of-the-way place, but you shall not be lonely—you shall have servants to obey your every wish, and your loving husband will spend all his spare moments in your presence."

Poor Louisa's heart grew sick with horror as she listened to this address. She knew that her captor was in deadly earnest, and she saw no chance of escaping from his power. Where was the elegant home of which he spoke—where did he mean to take her? Perhaps he intended to carry her across the line into his native land—Mexico; she felt that he was desperate enough for anything. And her lover and brother and parents—what would they think of her disappearance? Would they ever be able to find her? Must she indeed be the wife of the villainous Mexican? She shuddered at the thought, and resolved to end her wretched life by her own hand, rather than suffer such degradation.

Juan, the herdsman, strode swiftly across the prairie, apparently not fatigued in the least by his burden. One hand was still clasped tightly over the girl's mouth, to prevent her outcries. After walking in this way for perhaps a half-mile, he paused, and gave a low, peculiar whistle, which was answered by a similar whistle a short distance away; and in a moment, faintly outlined in the darkness, several horsemen approached, the foremost one leading by the bridle a riderless steed.

"Is all well, Gonzales?" asked Juan, in a low voice.

"All's well, captain," answered the foremost horseman.

"Then help me to mount with my burden. We have no time to lose, for the friends of the girl will soon be in pursuit, if I am not mistaken. If we can get to the retreat without being seen, all will be well."

"I will hold your prize, captain, while you mount your horse," said Gonzales.

"All right," said Juan.

The man addressed as Gonzales stooped and lifted Louisa's form to his saddle before him; but in the operation the girl's mouth was uncovered, and she uttered a piercing shriek, which went ringing afar through the silent evening air—

"Oh, Walter, Walter, Walter!"

"Curse her!" muttered Juan, fiercely. "And curse, you, Gonzales, for a blundering idiot! Do you know no better than to let the girl cry out in that way? Her lover will be at our heels in a moment, if she is allowed to call to him at every rod of the journey."

"I couldn't help it," said Gonzales, humbly. "She cried out before I got hold of her."

"Well, give her to me," answered Juan, who was now in the saddle.

The transfer was made, and Louisa felt the arms of her hated lover clasping her form like a vice.

"Now, Gonzales, lead the way," said Juan, authoritatively. "We must ride like the wind, or that Darrell and the rest of them will overtake us. No doubt they have discovered the absence of the girl by this time, and they could certainly hear her cries."

Gonzales started ahead, and the other horsemen—five in number—followed their leader closely. The horses struck into a swift, easy, almost noiseless gallop, and the riders spoke not a word. After riding a considerable distance in this manner, they came to the edge of a stream, where they checked their steeds a moment, and listened intently.

"If they are after us, they are not yet within hearing," said Juan. "We have now nothing to fear. Before they get this far, I shall have my prize hid where they can never find her. Let us ford the stream at once, however, and get out of danger."

They entered the stream, which was very shallow, scarcely reaching above the horses' knees. Midway in the ford, Juan checked his steed, as if a new idea had entered his head.

"I have just thought of a plan to throw our pursuers off the trail," he said. "It is this: you, Gonzales, must take three companions and strike a straight course for our retreat at Sandy Creek, where you must hide your trail in the water and then conceal yourselves till your pursuers pass on, as they will be pretty sure to come across an Indian trail near there, and of course they will follow that, as they will suppose that the girl was captured by the Camanches—they would never suspect me, ha, ha! while Carlos and myself will wade our horses up the stream here till we come to the entrance of the cave, and then take our prisoner to safe quarters. What do you say, Gonzales?"

"An excellent plan, captain, and one worthy of your ready wit," laughed Gonzales. "Good-bye, sir—we will follow your instructions to the letter."

"Ride close, and make a plain trail," advised Juan.

"Aye, aye, we'll fool 'em," answered Gonzales, as he and his three companions continued on their way across the stream.

Juan, with the man addressed as Carlos, headed their horses against the current, and rode about a hundred yards in the middle of the stream; they then turned toward the right-hand shore, and landed on a smooth bed of rock, which sloped gently from the steep bluff or bank, which rose abruptly about ten feet back from the stream, down to the water's edge. On the hard rock the horses' feet made no impression, and no one, even in daylight, could have told that they had landed there. Guiding their horses to the foot of the bluff, which there rose almost perpendicularly for nearly fifty feet, the two men dismounted, Juan being careful that his prisoner should not get another chance to cry out. Holding the girl tightly in his arms, he gave his horse into the charge of his companion, Carlos, saying—

"Put the animals away, Carlos—make as little noise as possible—and then come to me in the cave, where I may need your services."

"All right, captain," answered Carlos, leading the horses away; and Juan, parting the thick shrubbery that grew along the foot of the bank, displayed to view a dark hole in the rocks, into which he crept—for the passage was too low to permit him to walk upright.

Let us follow him, and learn the secrets of this dark retreat.

Crouching like a tiger entering its lair, Juan made his way cautiously along the gloomy passage, still clasping his precious burden firmly in his strong arms. After groping his way for perhaps a hundred feet in this uncomfortable manner, the roof of the cave became higher, allowing him to walk erect. The darkness was impenetrable, but the Mexican was familiar with the place, and did not require the assistance of light to guide him on his way. He strode forward without hesitation, and at last paused, and gave three low but distinct raps on what the captive girl knew, by the sound emitted, must be a wooden door.

There was a sound of footsteps somewhere behind the door, and a woman's voice asked—

"Who comes there?"

"I—Captain Juan: open the door at once," said the Mexican.

The door swung slowly open, and the woman's voice again spoke.

"Enter, captain—welcome to you and your prize."

Juan, the bandit captain, entered the room, closed and fastened the door, and then deposited his burden on a seat, and sank upon another himself, watching his captive eagerly all the while.

The room, or grotto, was illuminated by a brightly-burning candle; and Louisa, emerging suddenly from worse than Egyptian darkness into the brilliant light, was blinded and dazzled, and for a moment she could not even see the faces of her companions. Soon, however, her eyes became accustomed to the light, and her gaze wandered around the room until it rested on the face of the woman who had admitted them. She was apparently not more than forty years of age, and her face and form had evidently been extremely beautiful in early youth; but her countenance was now pallid, and marked with lines of care or suffering; and her form was thin and slightly stooped, though certainly not by the weight of years. Her eyes were large and black, her hair black and curling. She looked like a quadroon or an octoroon, but she might have been a mixture of several races.

After studying the countenance of the woman for a moment, Louisa surveyed the apartment which, in all probability, was to be her prison. The grotto was about twenty feet square; the roof was twelve or fifteen feet high, and ornamented with small, glittering stalactites; the floor was nearly level, and covered with a carpet of buffalo and other hides; the walls were also hung with bright-colored curtains, and articles of women's apparel; and the furniture consisted of several rude chairs, or rather benches, cushioned with the skins of animals; and two beds or couches, composed of buffalo robes or rough blankets, were arranged in opposite corners of the room.

Having completed her examination, Louisa gave a deep sigh and bowed her head upon her hands.

"What are you sighing about, fly dear?" asked Juan, smiling. "Don't you like the looks of your home? Certainly it is comfortable and secure."

Louisa lifted her face and turned beseechingly toward her captor, her beautiful eyes swimming in tears, and her voice, when she spoke, was tremulous with emotion.

"Oh, man, man!" she cried, "if you are a man, if you have any human feeling in your bosom, have pity on me—restore me to my friends and my parents."

"And to your lover?" sneered Juan.

"Yes, to my lover—to the man who is dearer to me than life—and I will forgive you for what you have done—I will never expose your villainy."

"There is only one way in which you can procure your release."

"And what is that way?"

"You must promise to become my wife—to dismiss your lover. Promise this—or rather swear it, for I will not be content with your promise—and I will return you at once to your home."

"Oh, never, never, never!" murmured Louisa.

"Very well—it is the only way. If you prefer to remain here, I am perfectly satisfied. My object is to make you mine—and mine you shall be, whether you will or no!"

"Oh, villain! I will rather die than submit to dishonor."

"I spoke not of dishonor," returned Juan. "That is no part of my intention. I love you truly, Louisa, and shall make you my lawful wife. Perhaps you wonder how that can be done here—but you shall see. I can bring a priest—a friend of mine—who can tie the knot past all untying. So you see, my sweet, you may as well consent at once, for prayers or reproaches shall not alter my purpose."

"Oh, God! is there no escape from such a dreadful fate? Woman, can you stand calmly by and listen to this man's devilish plans? I know not who you are, but I beg you, I implore you, for Heaven's sake, for your own soul's sake, to help me!"

The woman seemed moved by this impassioned appeal, and turned her eyes from the girl's tearful face. Juan watched the two with a cynical smile.

"I forgot to introduce this lady, Louisa, but I will now do so," he said. "Miss Stanhope, this is Mrs. Inez Gonzales—at least, that name will suffice—the wife of my worthy friend and lieutenant, Gonzales, whom you have often seen."

This speech caused the girl to forget her griefs for a moment.

"And what are you doing in such a place as this?" she asked. "A cave in the rocks is a strange residence for my father's herdsman. Why are you not out on the prairies, guarding the cattle against further Indian raids?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Mexican. "My men are watching the herds, and the Indians will not be likely to bother them *while I am here.*"

"Ha! while you are here? I understand you, scoundrel. You yourself are the robber: you and your rascally assistants drive my father's cattle away and sell them, and then lay the blame upon the Indians. I have often suspected something of this kind, but my father will believe nothing against you. He has been warned, but he will not listen."

"The old man is a fool; but I am very glad of it, for he has given me a good chance to turn an honest penny. But you, my dear Miss Stanhope, know too much: were you to escape now, you might cause me a deal of trouble, aside from a broken heart. I must guard you closely. Inez, see that she does not escape while I go to attend to some important business. I know I can trust you, but I charge you again to be careful."

"She shall not escape, captain—you can trust me," answered the woman.

"Very well. Good-night, and sweet dreams to you both."

Juan opened the heavy wooden door and went out. Inez instantly secured the fastenings of the door, and then turned to speak to her prisoner. Poor Louisa fell upon her knees before her jailor and raised her white arms imploringly, while the dark curls rippled around her beautiful, deathly-pale face.

"Oh, save me, save me, save me!" she cried, wildly.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUAN MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.

When Juan left the room which contained the two women, he drew a bunch of matches from his pocket, ignited two or three of them against the rocky wall, and by the light thus given he made his way to another part of the cavern. The route which he followed was beset with difficulties. The floor was exceedingly rough, and in places covered by fragments of rock, over which the bandit sometimes stumbled; and every such mishap drew from him a fearful oath. At length he came to a passage so narrow that he was obliged to crawl through it on his hands and knees; and while progressing in this disagreeable manner, his light went out, leaving him in total darkness. Muttering curses, he crept forward, and soon came to his destination—which was a large room, somewhat similar to the one I have described, but in which the hand of man had made very few improvements. The floor and the walls were as nature had formed them; but two or three rude beds were constructed in one corner of the apartment, on which two men were reclining, evidently fast asleep, for they were snoring lustily.

The room was lighted by a single candle, which, as it was nearly burned out, cast a dim, weird light around the damp walls of the grotto. Juan first proceeded to snuff the flickering candle, and then he approached the slumbering men, and shook them roughly by the shoulder. The sleepers yawned and grunted, but did not seem disposed to arise.

"Awake, Rodolpho, and come to judgment," said Juan, with grim humor.

Rodolpho arose to a sitting posture, and rubbed his eyes vigorously.

"Oh, it's you, is it, captain?" he said, sleepily.

"Yes, it is I; and if you don't get your eyes open at once, I'll give you a kick that will effectually arouse you."

"Well, what do you want with me?" asked the man, sullenly.

"First, I want to ask you some questions. You were out to-day with the herds, I suppose?"

"Yes, Gomez and me both. We came here to-night by your orders, you know."

"Yes, I know—that's all right. Were the cattle all safe when you left?"

"Yes; Pedro and the other fellows had them herded safe for the night."

"No Camanches around this afternoon, eh?"

"Not a Camanche," replied Rodolpho, with a broad grin.

"Very well. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I was successful in that little enterprise of mine, and the girl is now in the cave in the care of Gonzales's wife. I don't think there is any chance of her getting out of the room, for Inez is true as steel—but still, such a thing might happen; and to prevent any possibility of escape, I want you to go and stand guard at the mouth of the cave, while I go outside to reconnoitre a little. I think the girl's friends will be after her to-night, and I want to know in what direction they go. Of course, that young Stanhope will think his sister is stolen by the band of Camanches that gave him such a chase this evening. Ha, ha! how handy it is to have Indians for neighbors: they must bear the blame of their own bad deeds and ours too."

"You came very near getting the reward of your actions, though, that evening when you chased the young men and the girls; your leg seems to be a little lame yet, captain."

"It is, but it is only a trifle, and old Stanhope thinks I got the wound fighting the Indians. I heard George telling how he shot the Camanche chief, and thus saved all their lives—ha, ha! But come, we are wasting time. Let Gomez sleep away, if he wants to—you will be guard enough."

"I don't see the need of any guard, captain," remonstrated Rodolpho, casting an envious glance at his still slumbering companion.

"I see the need of it, then, and it is your duty to obey me. Come on, I say."

Juan took the fragment of burning candle in his hand, and followed by the reluctant Rodolpho, left the apartment, leaving Gomez to continue his slumbers in solitude and darkness.

After a good deal of crawling, stumbling and swearing, the two worthies drew near to the mouth of the cavern, where the light was extinguished, lest it should betray their hiding-place to any one who might be outside.

"Keep your eyes and ears open till I return," said Juan.

"Aye, aye, captain," said Rodolpho, and Juan passed on out of the cave.

"I'll do as I please about keeping my eyes open," muttered Rodolpho. "I'm going to take a nap. Curse the girl—what do I care for her? If the captain wants her watched, let him watch her himself. I'm not going to die for the want of sleep."

So saying, the man leaned back against the wall of the cave, and was soon snoring vigorously.

Juan cautiously parted the bushes which grew at the entrance to the cave, and stood in the open air. He listened intently for a moment. What was that sound? It was the plash of water—yes, it was a horse, or more than one, fording the stream a hundred yards below. Doubtless the friends of the stolen girl were in pursuit; and the bandit laughed as he thought how vain the search would be. If they only knew how near they were to what they sought—but of course they did not suspect the truth.

"I will ascend the bank to the upper edge of the wood, and see, or rather hear, in what direction the fools go," he muttered.

Walking a few steps up stream, on the hard, smooth rock, he paused before what appeared to be another cavern, much larger than the first. The entrance was high and wide, although partially obstructed by the drooping branches of a tree that grew above. Juan entered the cave, and when a few steps from the mouth, he struck a match against the dry wall, and by the light thus given made his way forward.

The passage ran perfectly straight for about thirty feet, and the roof was everywhere high enough to permit a man to walk upright. At length the passage made a sudden turn to the left, and widened out into a lofty and capacious room, in which four horses were stabled; and in one corner, with his head upon his saddle, Juan's late companion, Carlos, was asleep. Striking a fresh match, Juan approached the sleeper and aroused him by a gentle kick.

"Didn't I tell you to come to me in the cave when you had put the horses away?" he asked.

Carlo sprang to his feet at the sound of his master's voice.

"I know, captain—but I didn't think you had any need of me there, and I was so confounded sleepy that I couldn't help lying down here. I hope you will forgive me, sir."

Carlos was a remarkable looking man—or rather youth, for he did not appear to be more than twenty-one. His figure was tall, lithe and elegant; his face exceedingly handsome and intelligent. He looked strangely out of place in a bandits' cave; but he was one of the most daring and reckless spirits among them, and his captain valued him exceedingly.

"I forgive you, Carlos," replied Juan. "I didn't need your services, and I only came in here to see that you were safe. You can go to sleep again if you wish. I am going out to watch the movements of our pursuers."

"The girl's friends are in pursuit already, are they?"

"Yes; I heard them fording the stream. I suppose they are determined to overtake the Camanches, although they can't follow the trail to-night."

Laughing softly, Juan retreated from the cavern, and cautiously commenced climbing up the steep bluff. It was a dangerous ascent, as a single misstep in places would have hurled him down upon the hard rocks below; but Juan was sure-footed as a chamois, and accustomed to such exercise. He made his way upward slowly but surely, and at last stood at the top of the bluff. The darkness in the wood was so intense that he could not see his own hand: but regardless of this, he struggled through the clinging underbrush toward the open prairie. Stumbling over logs and creeping vines, and muttering curses at every fresh mishap, he at last reached the edge of the wood, where he paused to listen.

"They haven't got up on the prairie yet," he soliloquized, "and I suppose—by Heaven! what is that moving there? It's a man, and one of them—they are reconnoitring the wood for an Indian encampment, I suppose—what if they discover the cave? If they do, it will be death to them—they shall never depart alive, and I will lose my own life rather than give up the girl."

With such thoughts as these, Juan crouched behind the trunk of a tree, and waited until Walter Darrell—for it was he—passed on out of hearing.

"This fellow will meet his companion—I think there are only two of them—at the upper end of the wood, and then they will probably return this way to their horses—that is, unless they make some discovery, which is not at all likely. I will wait here till they come back, and then follow them."

The bandit was right in his conclusions. Not many minutes had passed away, ere he heard two persons coming along the edge of the wood, conversing at intervals in low tones.

"It is young Stanhope and that cursed Darrell—just as I thought," muttered Juan. "No doubt they are badly worried about the girl, but they'll be worried a good deal worse before they find her."

In a moment the young men had passed the place where Juan was crouching: and the latter rising to his feet, started to follow them. In his haste he got his feet entangled in some vines, and losing his balance, he fell heavily to the ground, breaking the dry twigs beneath him.

"I am betrayed!" he thought. "They will certainly hear that noise and come to see the cause of it."

He lay perfectly still, listening to the young men's words concerning the noise caused by the breaking twigs. Great was his joy when his enemies passed on.

"They are fools," he muttered, working his feet out of the clasp of the tough vines. "They will catch the deuce among the Camanches, unless they are more cautious than that. Well, let them go, and success to them—they will find red night-caps for themselves, if nothing more."

Getting upon his feet once more, Juan stepped out upon the open prairie, and skulked silently after Stanhope and Darrell. The darkness was so great that he could only see a faint outline of their forms; but he followed them until they reached the spot where their horses were fastened; and here, drawing very near, he fell flat upon the ground, and listened to the young men's plans for the morrow. Having heard all that he desired, he crawled cautiously away, and when at a safe distance, he arose to his feet, and gave utterance to a low chuckle of exultation.

"Aye, you can find the trail easy enough in the morning, and it will not be hard to follow," he soliloquized. "I have no objections to your spending the night down there, provided you let me alone. I might wipe you out, while you sleep—but I shall leave that job to the Camanches. If you ever return to tell the tale of your adventures, I am much mistaken. But now I must get back to the cave to see how my pretty sweetheart fares—ha! ha!"

He continued on his way, preferring to go to the upper end of the belt of timber, and then down along the edge of the stream, rather than risk the perilous descent of the bluff at the point where he had ascended. He walked rapidly, and soon found himself at the limit of the wood; but as he was descending the bank, which here sloped gently down to the water's edge, he heard a strange, savage snarl or growl, coming from the shadow of the trees, a few steps distant, and before he could comprehend the cause of the noise, or prepare to defend himself, a long, lank body came flying through the air, and lit directly at his side.

"Great Heaven!" gasped Juan, recoiling, and drawing a knife from his belt.

The glowing, fiery eyes confronting him were the eyes of a hungry panther.

Juan grasped his revolver, but instantly relinquished it, for to fire at the animal would be to betray his presence, and perhaps the presence of his friends, to the two men whom he most desired to escape.

"I must depend on my knife alone, if I cannot evade the beast," he thought.

He moved cautiously down the bank, keeping his gaze earnestly fixed upon the panther's burning eyes. But the animal was determined not to let its prey escape; it gave a fierce growl, and making another spring, fell upon the back and shoulders of its victim.

Juan was prepared for this, and as the brute's form descended upon him, his long, keen knife entered its breast, inflicting a fatal wound. The two combatants—savage beast and savage man—fell to the ground, and, locked in a terrible embrace, rolled over and over down the bank, and landed together at the edge of the stream. The panther was dead; its claws relaxed, and its long, lithe body lay motionless; and Juan arose to his feet, his clothes torn to fragments, and the blood flowing from a dozen wounds.

"Curse the panther!" he gasped, kicking furiously at the lifeless body. "The brute came very near putting an end to all my plans. But it is dead, and I am unharmed, with the exception of some ugly scratches."

The wounded man staggered along the edge of the stream toward the cave. He was weak from the recent struggle and the loss of blood, but he managed to reach the entrance to the cavern, and crawled along the dark passage until he arrived at the door of the room in which he had left his captive. He had forgotten all about the guard whom he had stationed near the mouth of the cave; had he looked for Rodolpho, he would have found him curled up in a heap at one side of the passage, fast asleep. Juan knocked in the usual manner at the door, and the woman known as Inez inquired:

"Who comes there?"

"It is I, woman—Juan; will you never learn my knock?" asked the robber, angrily.

The door was opened, but at the sight of Juan's ragged and bloody figure, Inez uttered an exclamation of horror, and staggered backward, holding up her hands.

"Holy Virgin! who is this?" she cried.

"Don't be a fool, woman," said the bandit. "Did you never see a little blood before? I was attacked by a panther, and narrowly escaped with my life. A little water and fresh clothes will make me all right. But where is the girl?"

Juan's eyes roved round the room, and then rested on the woman's pale, terrified face.

"Where is the girl, I say? What have you done with her?"

"She has escaped," replied the woman, in a trembling voice.

"You lie, woman. Where is she?" roared Juan.

"She has escaped, I tell you. She is gone."

"Escaped? Ten thousand furies: then your life shall pay for your carelessness."

Juan sprang forward, and grasped the woman's shoulder with his bloody hands.

"Help! murder! help!" screamed Inez.

"Hold your jaw, fool," growled Juan, releasing his grasp. "I don't intend to hurt you, but I am maddened by the loss of the girl. Where is she? How could she get out of the room without your permission? Perhaps you let her out? If so, by —! I will kill you, as sure as I am a living man!"

"I did not let her out, as you know, purposely, but she eluded my vigilance. I had opened the door for a moment, and was looking out; and while I stood there, the girl darted past me quick as a flash of lightning. I sprang after her, but she was out of sight in a moment, and I did not attempt to follow her."

"How long since this happened?" demanded the bandit, fiercely.

"Not more than ten minutes—scarcely that long."

"Then she is still in the cave—there is a guard at the entrance, and she could not get past him unseen. Bring the light, and we will find her—she is concealed somewhere in the cave. Be quick; I would rather lose my life than have her escape."

Inez took the candle in her hand, and the two started in hot pursuit of the fugitive, Juan swearing terrible vengeance against his companion if the girl should not be found.

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 10.*)

The Romance of Harmony Place.

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

He was an artist; a slender, handsome fellow, shabby as to his dress, but gentlemanly as to his bearing. He lived on the second floor of No. 3 Harmony Place; alone, save for the pictures which, in various stages of incompletion, decorated and peopled his dingy little room; and away up in the attic lived a pale-faced little girl with beautiful hair, and eyes like a summer sky.

They met for the first time on the stairway; he was going up, she was coming down. They passed each other with only a glance, but he carried into his studio the remembrance of a pure, clear profile, and a fair forehead shaded by ripples of bronze-brown hair; and she associated the strange face with the little sign which had appeared on the landing during the last week. That must be Mr. Valentine, she thought, and then she flushed a little as she recalled the look in his eyes as he passed her.

After that they met often, but it was not until the homesick sweetness of early spring was in all the air that the silence between them was broken.

Perhaps he had been watching for her—no one knows; anyway, as she came down from her room one day, the door, over which was the name "Valentine," suddenly opened, and Mr. Valentine himself, erect, smiling, but manifestly surprised at his own audacity, appeared on the threshold.

"These are for you," he said; "will you take them?"

They were violets, still fresh and sweet, with the smell of the far-off woods.

"Thank you," she said, "you are very kind;" and then, as she hesitated, he continued:

"I went out into the country yesterday on one of my tramps, and found them. I thought you would like them. They are not like the lifeless flowers which one buys in city streets."

She smiled, bending her fair face lovingly over the little knot of flowers: and after another word of thanks would have passed by, but he, stammering and blushing like a school-boy, held the door wide.

"Do you like pictures? I have one here I would like you to see—will you not come in for a moment?"

She hesitated, glancing over his shoulder into the room bright with morning sunshine, and then looked up at him frankly as a child.

"I should like to see it very much," she said, "my father was an artist."

And as she crossed the threshold, he wondered how the room had ever seemed dingy and bare to him, so completely did her presence transform it.

It was in reality an untidy and disorderly apartment, the walls were covered with crayon drawings,—here a face like that of an angel, there a demon with horns and hoofs; a foot, an eye, a hand, an arm, a dimpled baby face, an old man's grim and wrinkled visage, fat and contented-looking cherubs smiling at each other; and again, a bent figure, clad in ragged garments with gaunt, outstretched hand, mutely appealing for help and succor,—all these had been pictured upon the whitewashed wall; and the few chairs were loaded down with all the odds and ends which a man could possibly accumulate during a three months' stay in a room which knew no other care than that of an old char-woman, whose visits were merely nominal, and generally resulted in making the general appearance worse than ever.

For the first time it occurred to Mr. Valentine, as he saw the look on his visitor's fair face, that the room was scarcely as it should be, and, with a laughing apology, he emptied the contents of one of the chairs on the floor, covered the chaotic pile with an old newspaper, and gave her the liberated seat, sitting down himself on an inverted box.

"It is so kind of you to come in," he said; "I am drearily lonesome here sometimes. Do you know I often go out and sit on the stairs, that I may hear you sing? Your voice seems to make everything brighter for a while—it's dark enough generally, the Lord knows."

He spoke the last words bitterly, but laughed again, shaking back his bright hair as though ridding himself of an unpleasant thought.

"You will look at my pictures? They are hardly worth it, but you will not criticise."

And then as they looked over a portfolio of sketches together, she forgot her first shyness, and told him about herself and her life.

Her name was Alice Hazleton; her father was a painter—a visionary, unsuccessful man, with great capabilities, but little worldly wisdom or perseverance; he was easily discouraged, and mistrustful of his own powers always. The obstacles which he met disheartened him, instead of rousing within him a determination to overcome and rise above them; and he died while still a young man, tired out and thankful that the end had come to his story in a world which had always seemed hard and unfriendly.

His wife was an actress from her babyhood, but had turned her back on all the possibilities which were hers, and married the poor young painter for pure love—contented to share poverty with him, if poverty was his lot, without a regret or a thought of repining.

She had found the world too cold for her after her husband's death, and before many months had passed, joined him "across the river." Alice—the only child—was left to the care of her mother's aunt, and she had cared for the child tenderly and lovingly until her health deserted her, and the care of both came on the child.

"That was months ago," said Alice, "but we have got along nicely. I sing in a concert-saloon three times a week, and embroider in the day time, so we do not suffer for anything, only I am worried about Aunt Lida—she seems to fade so every day."

There were tears in her eyes then, and one fell on a little sketch which she held. Mr. Valentine did not seem to notice it; but when he put the portfolio away, he laid the little picture aside and fastened it up by the window where he most frequently worked.

"Before you go," he said, as she rose from her seat, "I must show you one more—only one, for there's a conceited donkey coming here at ten sharp, to make up his mind about a picture. Wait one moment." And then, after worrying a little with the shades and arranging the light to his satisfaction, he drew back the curtain which hung before his easel, and

with eager eyes watched the girl's face as she looked at the picture which was thus uncovered.

"It is beautiful!" she said, after a long silence. "You meant it for me, Mr. Valentine, and it is very like—only it is much too lovely."

"I do not think so," he said, covering it almost reverently. "I feel dissatisfied with it. If I might ask it—if you only would—"

"What?" she waited, looking up at him inquiringly.

"Sit for me a few times. I have wanted to ask you for a long time, and did not dare—you could bring your embroidery, and perhaps your aunt would come with you."

"She is too weak to leave her room," answered Alice; "but I will come if you wish. I used to sit for papa when I was a child;" she seemed but a child now in her perfect innocence.

"When shall I commence?"

"To-morrow, if you will, at your own time, I do not have many engagements," he smiled rather ruefully as he said this; "any hour you choose will suit me," and then as after a few more words she left him, he felt that the brightness and beauty of the morning had gone with her, and was fain to turn to the pictured face for consolation.

The "donkey" came and went, making up his mind, as so many donkeys before him had done, against the purchase. Not that the picture was worthless; but because the artist was evidently not a fellow to be patronized, and utterly refused to be excessively grateful for the notice which was being taken of his shabby and impecunious self, besides exhibiting rather an unpleasant temper if one attempted to advise him or give him any hints as to his art.

This particular donkey went disconsolately down the crooked stairway, pulling on his gloves, and inwardly fuming against the "confounded high ways" of a "poor devil of a painter," and the "poor devil of a painter" kicked the door to, and took a short walk up and down the room to steady his nerves before going on with his work; thinking all the while "to-morrow she will come."

To-morrow she came, bringing a bit of needle-work, and sitting with the sunlight shining on her rippling hair, her fair, sweet face turned toward him, her blue eyes following every touch of his brush, made the little room more cheerful and pleasant than it ever had been before.

That first sitting was only the beginning, the picture progressed very slowly—singularly so, and nearly every day, Alice, with her work, sat in the ricketty chair by the window, and he grew to think the hour that she was with him the only bright one in the twenty-four.

So the summer went by, and during the long pleasant days, the artist and the young girl were much together. There was something about the shabby painter that even "Aunt Lida" could not resist, peevish, querulous and suspicious as she was, and when the handsome young fellow, sitting down beside the old lounge where she spent so many weary days, talked to her of the broad fields, the thick woods where the shadows were always deep and cool, the tired woman felt rested and refreshed, and touching his bright hair lovingly, thought that if "her Charlie" had lived, he would have been like him.

Those were happy days for Max Valentine—what if the "conceited donkeys" didn't buy his pictures?—the rent of his room was low, one didn't need fires in the summer, nor, in fact, much of anything else, and sometimes when, by a freak of fortune, he found himself possessed of a shilling or two, he would straightway invest it in some trifle for Alice (presenting it with an "elder brother" manner which secured its acceptance), or some delicacy for the invalid, and contentedly subsist on nothing if it need be until "luck turned" again.

In the first of the summer Aunt Lida had seemed better, but, as the days went by, she grew weaker and weaker, until at last both Max and Alice knew that her stay on earth was nearly over. And so, after the pleasant summer, the dark days came. Alice, worn out with watching and anxiety, never left her aunt's bedside; and as the days passed, the worn, white face which met Max's eyes whenever he went up into the little attic room made his heart ache with a new, awful dread.

"You are killing yourself," he cried, despairingly, one day. "You will die, too, Alice!"

"She is all I have in the world," answered the girl. "If she goes, I am alone. It would be better if we went together."

"Are you then so ready to leave me, little one?"

The tone and the words brought tears to her eyes. She paused behind his chair, and rested her clasped hands on his shoulder.

"Max," she said, "would you care so much?"

Their eyes met then, and he drew her down to him. "Alice," he said, "I should, for I love you better than any one else in the wide world."

At last a day came when the sufferer was at rest; and when, at last, the last sad rites were over, Alice's overtaxed nerves gave way, and for days she lay between life and death. During that time Max Valentine seemed to live a whole lifetime of suffering. The old char-woman who nursed her grew fairly nervous at the sight of him, and when at last she was able to say that her patient was "better," "much better," Max's relief and gratitude knew no bounds.

After that Alice grew stronger daily, and in the late fall days she again, with her embroidery, sat in the ricketty chair in Max's studio, paler, but lovelier than ever; and Max, with a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart, worked at the yet unfinished picture.

Winter was coming, however—was near at hand; winter, with its cold, dark days; winter, which brings with it so many added wants and necessities. And one evening, after Alice had gone to her room, he sat down to have a "talk" with himself and to face the situation.

He had three shillings in his pocket; the cupboard was empty, the fuel nearly gone, the rent was due, and Alice was daily growing paler for the lack of things which he could not give her. It was a black lookout, and all that night he paced the floor, striving in vain to see some light beyond.

"I could stand it myself," he said, over and over, "but for her—" And then the weary walk commenced again, ending only when the morning sunlight, cold and frosty, looked in upon him.

That day, however, as he sat moody and downcast in his room, he heard a light tap at the door, and called "come in," gruffly, without turning his head. Then the door opened, there was a light footstep behind him, and then a gloved hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Cousin Max," said a clear, low voice, and springing to his feet he saw a tall, dark-browed, handsome woman, whose scornful face was softened by a smile.

"Are you glad to see me?" said she. "I have come to talk with you, hot-headed, obstinate fellow that you are—will you listen to reason?"

"To anything from you, Laura," he answered gallantly; "only don't begin to abuse me at the very first. How did you find me?"

"After a wretched hunt I assure you: may I sit down?" she had laid her hand on the chair by the window—Alice's seat; but he substituted another, and sat down opposite her, with the look of a child who expects and deserves a scolding. "I saw a picture of yours at last, and you have improved wonderfully in painting, and after a long struggle and a deal of cross-questioning found you out. What a dingy little place it is—how can you exist here? and do you realize how fearfully shabby you are? If your father could only look in here now!"

"I'm glad he can't," said Max, looking around the room, and then at his own garments, "he'd think—"

"As I do," said the lady calmly, "that you have punished yourself, more than any one else, by your temper. Honestly, though, you have a great deal more determination than I ever gave you credit for, and I congratulate you. Now why don't you ask the question which has been in your mind ever since I came? Why have I come?"

"You are not one bit changed, Laura," he said, smiling, but with a troubled look on his face; "well then, why have you come?"

"As an embassadress simply. You doubtless recollect the circumstances of your leaving home—how you got into a fearful temper because you couldn't do precisely as you wished, and chose to think your father unwarrantably severe and harsh. You left the house, I believe, with twenty dollars in your pocket—more, I judge, than you have now. The discipline of the past year has done you good. Your father has been sick—he has missed you terribly—for you know and you always have known that he cares for you more than he does for any one else in the world, and he has sent me to say just this one word—come."

Max's face glowed and his lips trembled as she rose and stood before him. "Did he send me that message?" he asked; and man as he was, there were tears in his eyes. "I was in the wrong, and have seen it plainly since—and he has forgiven me after all."

"You will go?" She looked down at him smiling and triumphant. "I knew you would. I told him so, and he—"

"Max," said a deep voice in the doorway, "my son!" And Max Valentine saw a white-haired man with outstretched arms standing in the doorway. "I have missed you so, my boy!" The strong clasp of his father's hand was worth more than any words. "The house has been dark without you. We will go back together."

There was a footstep on the landing, and then a soft voice called, "Max, are you there?"

Max started and turned pale, then flushed again as he met his father's eyes.

"I am here," he answered, and then Alice opened the door and came in.

She would have retreated when she saw the stranger, but Max, with a sudden light in his eyes, came to her and led her to his father. "This is Alice Hazleton," he said. "She is all alone, and we belong to each other. I cannot go."

For one instant a haughty surprise shaded the stern face, and then something in the girl's clear eyes went to his heart. "I have found a daughter as well as a son," he said. "God bless you, little girl." And when evening settled down on the great city they went away together, and so ended the romance of *Harmony Place*.

[From the Wisconsin River Pilot.]

A Young Heroine.

Thomas Velfe and wife, with a family of small children, settled in this county something more than a year ago, and, being poor, they, after many hardships, erected a small dwelling and cleared a few acres of land, but they were in the wilderness ten miles from neighbors. A few weeks ago the father and mother left their family, consisting of a girl aged 12 years, one aged 9 years, and two other children aged respectively 3 years and 13 months, on a trip to the settlement to get a cow and bring in some potatoes to plant. After the parents had been gone a few hours the house took fire, and the oldest girl immediately rushed to the roof with water, but not being able to remove the shingles, she could do nothing to stay the flames, which gained rapidly, spreading on the inside of the roof, until, bursting through, they drove her from her work. The heroic girl now turned her attention to saving her brothers and sisters. Coming to the door of the building, she found that the child next to her own age had got out of the house, bringing the baby with her, but the little three-year-old had crouched under a shaving horse in the farther corner of the room. There being no chamber floor, the fire was dropping from the burning roof between the child and the door, and when asked to come out it refused to do so, saying: "I am safe here; the fire don't drop here." Our little heroine hesitated only a moment, but rushing through the falling embers brought the little one to a safe place, both having their clothes somewhat burnt. But now comes the hardest part of the task before her. Scantily clothed and with no food, she took the babe in her arms and with the other children started upon the trail for the settlement. After going a few miles she encountered a rapid stream, swollen by the spring rains, so that in fording it the water came up to her armpits. She first carried the babe across, and then the little three-year-old, and lastly half-led and half-carried her older sister through the water to the other bank. Three times during the remainder of the day she struggled across the swollen streams in her way, until night set in the deep forest surrounding her. Cold, wet and hungry, she sought a place to camp, and by good fortune found an old camp, left by the Indians, upon which about one-half of the roof still remained. Under this she placed her little flock and then collected pine boughs and made a rude bed. Placing the little one in the middle, the heroic girl stripped off her dress and spread it over the children, then covered them with boughs to keep them from the chilly night air, and sat down beside them, to watch through that long, cold night, comforting the little one when it cried, and speaking words of cheer to the older ones. The long, dreary hours of night dragged slowly by, and at the first peep of day she resumed her toilsome march, and had nearly reached the first settler when she met her parents returning. An older and a wiser head might have found an easier way out of the dilemma, but we feel certain that no one could have acted braver or have endured more than the little daughter of Thomas Velfe.

☞ It is stated on high chemical authority that the last gill of milk drawn from a cow is sixteen times richer in cream than the first portion yielded.

A DEBT OWED TO DEATH.

"We'll ride to the Bluffs."

Two light heads, and lighter hearts. We should have reckoned on danger. The Bluffs were a point five miles down the shore, running out steeply into the sea. All along the shore the tide came up in sharp irregularities—Evil Beach, the sailors called it. But that sunny May afternoon, Laura Vere proposed the ride thither; and I, Henry Colbert, aged three-and-twenty, had been engaged to Laura just two days. What could be expected of *me?*

The sea was rocking—rocking, that balmy spring day.

Laura rode a curveting little pony—Folly we called him—but I had an immense black horse, steady as a camel, and utterly without faults; the Cardinal, Laura had named him. The two horses fraternized in a remarkable manner. We laughed, and the sun shone. On we went to the beach and the Bluffs.

"Do you like this hat?" said Laura.

A cap of soft velvet, with a curling plume.

"Exceedingly!"

"But it lets the sun burn my nose."

"Darling nose!"

Then we had a race—I holding in Cardinal's great stride, Laura screwing Folly's bit to keep him down to his paces.

"He does make me *so* angry!" she panted.

Then we must stop, for her bright hair was all coming down after the manner of women with long hair on horseback.

The sea was rocking—rocking. If there was a little fierceness in its play, I did not see it. The dancing foam-caps, the serpentine length of yellow beach, and the sunshine, all seemed part of my happiness.

The seaside way was lovely. Only in the distance could we see a house—a bit of a shanty, occupied by a fisherman's family, or a gray cottage, hardly observable among the rocks. At our right, the water stretched away in sparkling, level lengths. We rode for an hour before the Bluffs were in sight—a black speck, far away.

The clouds began to roll up, golden and rosy, from the west. It was near sunset.

"But there will be a moon," said Laura.

So we cantered on. But the sunset grew livid, and a great wind came up. Laura's face began to look pale in the twilight.

At last, Laura said she was cold; but we pushed on to the Bluffs, because from that point a road made a circuit inland, which was more sheltered for our return.

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid the moon isn't coming up, after all," said Laura; "and it is growing dreadfully cold."

"Yes. We undertook too long a ride; but I think we shall get back all right," I answered, cheerfully; yet I was getting a little anxious, notwithstanding.

Somewhere in that locality, which I had never visited before, was a morass. I had an idea that it was beyond the Bluffs, but was not sure. Yet, so far, I could see nothing that looked dangerous; and the mention of danger to little Laura was the last thing to be done. I rattled on as noisily as possible, and was rewarded now and then by a faint laugh from Laura; but she still complained of the cold, and I could hardly see her face, so dark it had suddenly grown.

But we reached the Bluffs; and after breathing the horses, who were somewhat blown by breasting the wind, we turned into the upper road, just spoken of, and commenced our return.

But there was no doubt that we were now riding through a wild, dark night. I tied Laura's velvet cap down about her ears with my handkerchief, for warmth, and to prevent its blowing away. We made no secret then of being in an unfortunate condition; for Laura's teeth chattered with cold, and our horses stumbled about over the heaps of seaweed in a very troublesome manner.

At last, Laura said—

"Dear Harry, are you sure we are in the road?"

"Oh, yes!"

"We were, I know; but for the last few minutes it seems as if we were going down hill; and it's so wet! Hear the horses' feet splash."

"The confounded darkness!" I muttered.

I got out of the saddle, and examined the ground as well as I could. It was wet and elastic, like the beach; but I could not think we were out of the road until a thought struck me. The horses, preferring to return on the path by which they had come, and not being well guided, had found their way down the shingle again!

"But it won't make much difference, Laura. It will be a little colder for you, but we shall get home sooner."

She made no complaint. I started the horses into a gallop, for the lower path, with its wholly unbroken sea-wind, was almost unendurably cold, and I feared the effects upon Laura's delicate constitution. Besides, it was time for the tide to come in, and if we did not hasten, we should be driven out of our course.

It must have been later than I thought. What time it was, I do not know; for I could not get light enough on my watch to find out. But soon the surf came sweeping and rustling up the shingle, causing the horses to swerve and deviate from the path.

"Between two roads, and without any," I said, losing patience for a moment, as the Cardinal nearly sent me over his head, by stumbling upon a mound of seaweed. "Laura, are you very cold?" I asked, anxiously, for she did not talk.

"I think I am chilled to the heart," she answered, faintly. The next moment she cried, "Oh, Harry, we are sinking!"

I saw her hands extended to me. I grasped them, and dragged her from her falling and floundering horse. Fortunately, the Cardinal stood still, and I soon had her in the saddle before me.

We were in the morass!

The helpless child in my arms turned, and peered into my face.

"Don't be frightened, Laura," I said, mechanically.

But she felt the heavy beating of my heart.

"Where are we? Poor Folly! he is struggling. Harry, are you frightened? What does it mean?"

"It's a bad place here," I murmured. "Sit quietly; we'll soon get out."

I spoke to my trusty horse. He stepped out cautiously—drew back. I dared not urge him. Laura was quiet, but for her faint shuddering.

I sat looking about me. In no direction could I see a house-light. The tide was coming in in volumes. The Cardinal stepped about uneasily. I ventured to turn him around. In a moment we were submerged in water; he was swimming. Laura's weight fell across my arm; she had fainted.

For a moment, courage failed me utterly. I yielded, dully, to Death.

My horse continued in the water—now getting ground beneath his struggling feet, now swimming. Every instant I expected we should all go under, for all was thick darkness, and I was utterly lost.

The horse swam now in circles—now seemed striving in a straight direction. Every stroke I thought his last. A cruel death it seemed to my young heart, anguished still more for the dear girl on my arm.

Suddenly a light streamed out like a star. The Cardinal saw it, as I did. He gave a whinny, plucked up courage, and swam for his life toward it. It was a house-light—small, steady, bright. How I blessed it in my heart.

The Cardinal's hoofs struck the shingle. He clambered sturdily up the bank. I gave a cry of encouragement. He bounded away to the shining light.

A hard, flinty path; a little cottage set in the shelter of a rock; one bright window. I clambered to the ground. With Laura in my arms, I advanced to the door. I knocked. A woman, who had been weeping, opened it. Beyond her was a bed, with a sheeted body stretched upon it—a cross at the head, candles at each corner. A dead Catholic laid out in his last sleep.

"An' th' leddy's sick, ye can come in, sir; but it's a sorry place, with the goodman gone the day."

She was very kind to us, poor soul!

And so it was to Death that we owed the debt of our lives.

☞ A piece of glass an inch long was taken from the head of a Rochester man recently, in whose skull it had been imbedded for twenty years. He had complained occasionally, of a pane in the head.

☞ Young Gent.—"Might I ask you, miss—a—" Miss—"Very sorry, sir, but I am engaged for the next three dances." Y. G.—"It is not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon, miss, you are sitting on my hat!"

☞ A wealthy New York gentleman, of an original turn of mind, is going to have stables built upon his grounds after the model of the pyramids of Egypt. He contends the pyramid is the proper form for dwelling-houses also, and has the advantage of putting a stop to the eternal discussions about Mansard and other roofs.

☞ A grocer asked an artist: "Is sculpture difficult?" The artist replied: "Why bless you, no. You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

☞ It may be well to mention that white, not black, is the mourning color in China, and that mourners wear white clothes, white girdles, white shoes, and even braid white cotton into their queues or pigtails.

☞ Surely the most practical man of our day has been discovered. A young man down east, writing to his sweetheart the other day, said: "I wish, my darling, that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me, the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us, and charge ten cents for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters, the more we save from the lawyers." Strange to say, the young man never received a reply!

☞ A lady in China, Me., has cured, in a few weeks, a sore hand, that has troubled her for eight years, by the application of raw cranberries, and by drinking the juice.

☞ A kerosene lamp, so set that the rays of the sun passed through it and came to a focus on a window-curtain, set a house on fire in Minnesota lately.

☞ Some years ago John Stuart Mill carried on a curious correspondence in French with the distinguished philosopher Auguste Comte, respecting women. The exalted opinion which Mill held of women was controverted by Comte, who maintained that "the intelligence of women amounted at best to only a small instantaneous sagacity."

☞ Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, author of the History of the Reformation, received, when living, only a small salary as professor in the theological seminary at Geneva. He left but little property, and his widow and four children are without adequate means of support and education. An appeal in their behalf has been made in this country.

☞ A Knowing Elder.—A canny Scot, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on New Year's Day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae with the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

☞ It looks as if a man were prospering and could afford a rival, if he speaks well of those in the same line of business with himself. And *vice versa*.

☞ New York life-insurance agents watch the marriage notices, and as often as a new man enters the bonds they "go for him" at once, on the supposition that he can easily be induced to provide for his prospective family. One victim was recently called upon by thirty-one of the gentry.

☞ "Here we are now, within a quarter of a mile of land," was the joyful announcement made by the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers. "Where? Which way is it?" were the eager exclamations which followed. "Anywhere down below there," said the captain, pointing toward the bottom of the sea. "The lead gives us just two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and the land comes slap up against the brine."

☞ Kisses.—There are eight kinds of kisses mentioned in the Scripture. The kiss of salutation (I. Sam. xx. 41); of valediction (Ruth i. 9); of reconciliation (II. Sam. xiv. 33); of subjection (Ps. ii. 12); of approbation (Prov. xxiv. 26); of treachery (Matt. xxvi. 49); of affection (Gen. xxix. 13); of holy charity (I. Thess. v. 26). And yet some people say kissing is unlawful.

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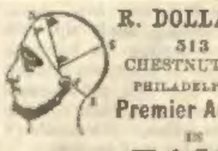

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

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—We met our young friend Daubs, the artist, the other day, and asked him what he was going to do this summer. "I think," said he, "I'll take a run up into the interior of the State and paint the Alleghenies." Daubs has a big job on hand for the warm weather. We should think it would take him all summer to paint the Alleghenies even if he did it with a whitewash brush. We don't exactly perceive the use of painting them; they look very well as they are. And suppose Daubs takes it into his head to paint that whole range of mountains pink, or cream-color, or to fresco them? We never saw a cream-colored mountain; but somehow we feel as if it would be as uninteresting as a light-blue horse, or brown moonlight. But if Daubs paints those majestic hills pink, we shall emigrate from the State. We would rather live in a humble brown-stone house on eight or ten thousand dollars a year in some part of New York or New Jersey, than to dwell in the most gorgeous frame residence on less money in a State with pink hills.

—Nobody knows what suffering is caused to newspaper editors by the name of the Spanish statesman Pi y Margal, which so often appears in the cable dispatches. The trouble is that no editor knows what to call him for short. If they allude to him as Signor Margal, they are not quite certain whether the Pi y is his first name or part of his family name; and if they call him Signor Pi y, that seems ridiculous, so they are obliged to write out the full name, and then just as likely as not the printer gets it into type as "Pig Market" or in some other absurd shape. Another thing, it is the most awful name to pronounce that we ever came across. We give it the sound of Pie Why Margall, and as we know that can't be right, we try Pee wee Margal, and Pie yi Margal and ever so many other ways, and feel all the time as if we were displaying the most humiliating ignorance. There is only one method of relief from this nuisance. After this we shall drop Pi's name altogether, and speak of him in the future as Briggs. Briggs is a name that we can pronounce correctly with positive certainty; and it is a better title than Pi's own at any rate. That is harsh and awkward, but Briggs is full of poetry, and sentiment and celestial sweetness, and wild, unearthly music and things of that sort.

—There is nothing a young unmarried man likes better than to go to a dinner at the house of a friend and to be asked to carve the turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maiden lady on one side of him, watching him closely, and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First he pushes the knife down toward one of the thigh-joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince meat of one whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife, and tackles it again. At last, while making a terrific dig, he hits the joint suddenly and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress-front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him he looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become 400 degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing he gradually pushes the leg over on the clean tablecloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravy dish and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints to its wings, the host asks him if he thinks the Indians can really be civilized? The girl next to him laughs, and he says he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief and presses the turkey so hard with the fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gouges away again at the wings, gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any off, the host asks him why he don't help out the turkey. Bewildered, he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then he helps the young girl to a plateful of stuffing, and while taking her plate in return, knocks over the gravy boat. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair and fans himself with a napkin, while the servant girl clears up and takes the turkey to the other end of the table. He doesn't discuss the Indian question that day. He goes home right after dinner and spends the night trying to decide whether to commit suicide or to take lessons in carving.

—We are glad to learn that the Emperor of China has issued a decree, declaring that if the chief officer of his household handles dishes so carelessly as to break them, he shall be killed. We say we are glad of this, because we hope to have the same regulation put into effect in this country. If it is, about two thousand hired girls will be executed every week, and we may reasonably hope that the destruction of crockery will be checked. We have stopped it temporarily in our house by having a tea-set made of wrought iron and painted white. When a new hired girl comes, she drops the coffee pot upon the floor. Finding with amazement that it does not break, she thumps it with a flat-iron and drops bricks on it, and goes out and borrows a sledge-hammer and whacks it; and then, perceiving that it is as good as ever, she sits down in front of that coffee pot and bursts into tears. Then she gives warning, loads up with sugar and beef and butter for her sick aunt, embezzles three or four hemstitched handkerchiefs and any odd pillow-cases that are lying around, and starts for the nearest intelligence office. We wouldn't take a million dollars for that tea-set.

—We have lost one man who might have become a valuable citizen. He came here from Germany on an emigrant steamer, and walked up the street just after landing. He stopped for a moment to watch a man who was selling some kind of patent dentifrice upon the curbstone, when the man seized him, put his head under his (the man's) arm, and began to scour the emigrant's teeth furiously. When the German gentleman's mouth was completely filled with soap-suds, the salesman showed the teeth of the victim to the crowd and let him go. Proceeding up Market street, a clothing-house "barker" clutched him, ran him into the store, put a new suit on him, extracted the amount from the emigrant's pocket-book, and set him out on the pavement. A few moments later he dropped into a life-insurance office which had a German sign, for the purpose of asking the direction to a good tavern. He was instantly grabbed by the agent, his clothes were stripped off, a doctor came at him and pounded his chest and thumped his ribs and listened to his heart and made him kick his legs, and by the time he got his clothes on they had a policy made out for him and demanded the money. The German gentleman hid up an alley until nightfall to avoid any more scenes of violence; then he repaired to the steamer and remained on board until she sailed upon her return trip. He said it was too energetic and demonstrative a country for him. If this was the effect of perfect liberty, he believed he preferred an ordinary grinding despotism.

—Every now and then some novelist strikes out a new and beautiful thought or a brilliant original suggestion which does much to relieve the dead common-place of ordinary fiction. We picked up a newspaper story the other day written by Joaquin Miller, and were much impressed with the fact that the author has given to the villain of the piece a "leather nose" as a distinctive feature. This, we believe, is brand new. Neither Scott, nor Dickens, nor Thackeray, nor any other writer thought of this, and we even look in vain through the pages of Shakespeare for a villain with a leather nose. Miller has developed an original conception, and as genius is essentially creative we may reasonably expect him to do something else as good in the future. He might give us a hero with brass ears, or a mother-in-law with sheepskin eyes, or a rich uncle with a meerschaum stomach, or a beautiful maiden with silver-plated ribs, or a duke with gutta-percha eyelids, or an archbishop with a tin spine, or an Indian chieftain with a papier-mache soul. All these things are possible; and we wait for the novel that shall contain them. If nobody else will write it, we will do it ourselves.

—The reason why Scattergood was the deadly enemy of the editor of the *Daily Annihilator* was this: Scattergood, it seems, claimed to be an artist, and as he desired to receive commendatory notices from the press, he sent to the editor of the *Annihilator* one of his finest paintings entitled "Young Lochinvar," and representing that cavalier mounted upon a horse and clasping his bride in his arms as he galloped away, while the bride's father stood at the right side of the picture in a furious rage. It so happened that the editor was out of town and the duty of noticing the picture devolved upon the assistant editor, who didn't know Scattergood. He misapprehended the peculiar motive of the work, and the next day fired away in the *Annihilator* in this ruinous manner:

"We have just received from our townsman, Mr. J. P. Scattergood, a novel and unique design for a circus poster, which is creditable to the artist's ingenuity. It apparently represents the famous equestrian, Professor Singarelli, dressed in blue tights, doing his wonderful bare-back act while he holds a lady-member of the company in his arms. The horse is represented dashing furiously around the ring, the audience being concealed by the clouds of tan and sawdust created by his fast-flying hoofs. The *tout ensemble* is excellent; but we may be permitted to suggest that the popular fancy would be more certainly struck if the clown were placed at the left of the picture instead of the right and looked less like a man who is mad. We are sorry too that Singarelli was not represented in his great double back-somersault act, rather than as upon a horse. That is his most splendid feat. Before the picture is printed and put on the fences we would advise that both the girl's eyes should be made of the same size, that Singarelli's mouth should be placed in front and not clear around under his ear, and that the off hind leg of the horse should be made about fifteen inches shorter and have the spavin swelling removed from the hock. We would like to have his neck made less like that of a camelopard, but that is of not so much consequence. With these exceptions the work is perfect."

Scattergood did not call for an explanation. He emigrated immediately and settled in the West, where he opened a grocery store. Art, he said, received no encouragement in this barbarous country.

—The accounts in the Boston papers of the latter part of June, of the celebration in that city of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, show that Boston displayed an enormous amount of enthusiasm upon the occasion. As we lost that battle, it is simply fearful to think of the intensity of the patriotic devotion which Boston would display if we had won it. And isn't it a little wild, at any rate, for people to become frenzied with joy because they have been beaten? Take our own case. In June, 1863, we enlisted in the militia and marched out to defend the state of Pennsylvania. One day we met some rebels fooling around on the other side of the river from Harrisburg, and those of our comrades who did not instantly remember that they had important business to attend to at home, betrayed a singular disposition to fly up to Williamsport, Pa., in order to check any rebel force which should attempt to cross the New York state line into Pennsylvania. We alone, of all the regiment, held our ground. Too proud to fly, too brave to fear the foe, too eager to serve our country to retreat in the moment of danger, we merely stepped into a house close at hand, slid into the cellar and lay in the refrigerator for two days, living on some cold ham found therein—and determined to hold that refrigerator against the foe, to the death. We were never recommended for promotion in any of the reports, strange to say. The generals all seem to have overlooked the matter somehow. Now it would be perfectly absurd for the people of Harrisburg to celebrate, every year, the anniversary of the retreat of that militia regiment—and we appeal to them not to do it, no matter what Boston does. If Harrisburg is just, it will erect a monument to us. Say a statue of Sergeant Adeler forked down over a brass horse with a hollow cast-iron tail, with his forelegs on a silver-plated refrigerator and a figure of a cold ham in his mouth. If the heroic deeds of brave men are to be made historic, here is the chance. Justice requires something to be done. If we are not straddled over a brass horse, we will let the country go to destruction before we will ever fortify ourselves in another refrigerator.

☞ THE SECRET OF LIFE.—How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies, and destroy their nervous system, in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth nor high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, and enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

☞ Keep him at least three paces distant who hates music and the voice of a child.

WET AND DRY.

CONDUCTOR, DAILY.—"Any two gen'l'men mind goin' outside to oblige a lady!"

AN INJURED WOMAN.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

It was at the last matinee of the season. There was a galaxy of dramatic stars, and the Academy was crowded to repletion. Summer had come; it was very hot, and fans fluttered in all parts of the house like huge butterflies. Miss Kate Leslie's fan fluttered with a quick, petulant motion that denoted its owner was not in the best humor, although she kept her eyes fixed on the stage, and seemed breathlessly interested in the performance. On her right was that tiresome Marsh Edwards, staring at everybody through his opera-glass, and making would-be witty remarks to her in a loud tone. On her left was Clarence Warton, her "intended"—in fact, they had been engaged a month, and with him she had a slight quarrel, arising from his mistake in securing seats too near the stage. Now, every sensible young lady will agree that these were very sufficient reasons why Miss Kate Leslie should feel angry and make herself generally disagreeable. Clarence Warton sat stiff and upright in his place in a state of suppressed indignation, for Kate had lectured him rather severely. What right had *he* to be cross and silent? Kate asked herself. Wasn't it his fault? So stupid! The idea of getting seats so far up the parquet, that one couldn't see a single bonnet without turning quite around!

The young lady felt that it would not be right to allow this offence to pass without punishment, and so when Furioso, the cruel parent, and Angelo, the lover, were doing a thrilling combat, and Angelina, the persecuted maiden, in the blonde wig, was screaming, "Spa-r-r-r-e him, mee father," Kate turned to Marsh Edwards, pretending to brush away a tear.

"True love is *so* affecting," she said, softly.

"Yes, by Jove!" answered the gentleman, forgetting his opera-glass for a moment, "especially love at first sight." Mr. Marsh Edwards thought this observation an exquisite hit, for he had been introduced to Miss Leslie only that day.

She smiled sweetly, for out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Clarence Warton was becoming straighter and more upright than ever. She tapped Marsh Edwards on the shoulder coquettishly with her fan, and whispered very confidentially,

"Isn't it hot?"

"Fearful! By Jove!" answered Edwards, delighted by her condescension.

"I shouldn't be surprised if we should have rain. It's *so very* hot!" This was said in the softest whisper.

"Fearful. Hot's no name for it. By Jove!" Kate was toying with a magnolia blossom that Clarence had given her. Thinking that the weather as a subject of conversation was pretty well worn out, the flattered Edwards asked her for the flower. Kate graciously complied with his request.

Clarence Warton looked daggers at the pair, majestically rose from his seat, and with an air of concentrated dignity, walked down the aisle to the door. Kate murmured, "insulting conduct!" and immediately spread her drapery over the vacated seat.

All Marsh Edwards's further attempts at conversation were met by Kate with a stony stare that made him exclaim, "Fearful, by Jove!" and repeatedly wipe his face with his handkerchief.

When the green curtain fell, Clarence Warton slowly stalked up to Kate, and the two walked toward her home without exchanging a word. Kate said "Good-bye," as she tripped up the steps; Clarence bowed ceremoniously, and they parted to meet again as strangers.

Kate Leslie was an orphan. She possessed an income, and lived with her sister, a young and not very strong-minded widow. Kate Leslie was pretty and graceful, and she could afford to dress well. The worst thing about Kate Leslie was that she was a little too fond of thinking of these advantages and overrating them. She knew that other girls envied her brilliant complexion, her soft, wavy brown hair and her stylish costumes, and the knowledge pleased her. She had never known sorrow—for her parents had died when she was a baby. A taste of life's bitterness would be the thing most calculated to prevent her faults from out-growing her virtues.

Clarence Warton was some five years older than Kate, a true gentleman in heart and mind—rather exacting and foolish in some things, as all men are under ninety, let us say—but otherwise just the man to make Kate a good husband.

Safe at home, Kate burst into tears and startled her mild sister by appearing in the character of a persecuted angel. The young widow was at first inclined to sympathize with Clarence, but Kate became so pathetic that she was forced to declare that "there was no man alive so perfect as her dear, departed Charlie, and that there wouldn't be until her dear boys grew up." This was all the sympathy that Kate could obtain.

"I hate the city after what I have endured to-day!" cried the much-injured maiden, tragically. "Let us go somewhere—not to the crowded resorts of gayety, but to some dense forest—"

"Oh, no, my dear," said her sister, "there might be Indians and wolves and things—there always are in a forest, you know—and the dear boys would certainly tear their clothes. They always do so among trees. But it is getting quite warm, and it is almost time to leave the city. Look over the summer-boarding advertisements, my dear."

Kate picked up a newspaper to read these advertisements as if her life depended on it. Suddenly she exclaimed—

"Here's a lovely place! Just the very thing!" And she read, "A glorious chance to spend the summer amid all the rural delights that a country life can offer, is given by the proprietress of Rosedale Cottage, to a few select boarders. Rosedale Cottage is situated in a shady grove of trees, near Moonbeam Lake. The surrounding scenery is extremely picturesque. Carriages, boats and musical instruments are provided for the use of guests. No boarders taken for less time than the full season. Payment invariably in advance. Each guest will be treated strictly as one of the family. Address Mrs. B., Rosedale Cottage."

"That sounds well," said Mrs. Ellerly, the widow; "but if we should go, I shall insist on the boys' constantly wearing life-preservers, for they *will* go near the water."

"Shall we go to see this place to-morrow, Laura?" asked Kate.

"Go to see it? What for? I can't go and leave the boys at home, and it wouldn't be proper for you to go so far alone in the cars; and besides, the newspaper-man wouldn't publish it if it wasn't true. Let us write at once and secure rooms."

Kate had not quite so much confidence in the newspaper-man, but her sister overwhelmed her prudent hesitation by a flow of words rather than of reason, and she sat down to write a letter to Mrs. B., Rosedale Cottage.

The next day came an answering epistle. It was signed by Mrs. Belinda B. Bates, whose education in the important art of spelling appeared to have been sadly neglected. She stated that she was "a widdow with 5 innocents luking up to her for suport," that "her family were plane people, but seleck and eddicated," and that Rosedale "was a perfec heving on airth," some of her boarders having last season become so firmly attached to the place, that in September they had been with difficulty detached from the charming spot by the aid of a constable, and restored to their disconsolate families.

Mrs. Ellerly's soft heart was touched by the moving picture of the "5 innocents," and notwithstanding Kate's remonstrances, she began to pack her trunks at once. Rather unwillingly, Kate wrote to Mrs. Bates, saying that her new guests would arrive at Rosedale Cottage in three days from that date. Having completed the difficult process of "making up her mind," Mrs. Ellerly would hear of no delay, and on the following Saturday the party started for Rosedale Cottage. It consisted of Mrs. Ellerly, Kate and the two boys, loaded with stacks of bats and fishing-rods.

As they rode toward the railroad depot, Kate noticed Clarence Warton on the sidewalk. She looked steadily in the opposite direction; but as soon as he had passed, she turned to gaze after him. He looked at the same time; their eyes met, and Kate drew back, provoked and indignant. What right had he to look at her after what had occurred?

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the station, at which a conveyance was to be in waiting to take them to their destination.

"Any folks for Mrs. Bates?" demanded a stentorian voice, proceeding from a short, stout man, who stood cracking his whip near Mrs. Ellerly.

"For Rosedale Cottage, do you mean?" asked that lady.

"Don't make much difference about the name," returned the man. "Some hi-falutin' city folks call it that 'ere, but round in these diggins most people say Mother Bates's shanty. Jump in, ladies!"

As he gave this unceremonious invitation, he extended his whip toward a huge, white-covered wagon, drawn by two oxen.

"You don't mean that we are to go in *that?*" said Mrs. Ellerly, in horror.

"Certain, ma'am."

"Drive on, then. We'll walk."

"Two miles, ma'am."

"I don't care. Lead the way."

The driver leisurely ascended to his seat, grinned, winked at Kate, and drove slowly along, wishing them a pleasant walk.

"The man's drunk," said Mrs. Ellerly, in an awful whisper. "Oh, Kate, why did you let us come to this horrid place? I told you how it would be!"

"Why, Laura—"

"Don't talk to me. We may all be murdered."

"If you do not like the place, we can return home immediately."

"But I've paid Mrs. Bates for the whole season. I sent her the check yesterday."

Kate was rendered speechless by this announcement; there was nothing for her but silence and resignation.

The walk was long and dusty. The tired boys sat down in the road at various places, and had to be dragged along. At last the driver stopped before a tumble-down, unpainted farm-house. It was surrounded by a dusty-looking field, planted with onions and cabbages. A small pond was visible at the back of the house. Five tall pine-trees were stationed at intervals in the field.

"Here you are, ladies!" the driver proclaimed with a chuckle.

"Surely this can't be Rosedale Cottage"—began Mrs. Ellerly.

"Yes, it is," said a sharp voice, and a tall female in an enormous sunbonnet, put her elbows on the top of the gate, and gazed severely at our party. "I'm Mrs. B. B. Bates. You city folks ain't got no consideration for nobody. Here dinner's over long ago, so you won't git nothin' till supper. I ain't a goin' to slave myself to death for no stuck-up aristocrats." Having delivered herself in this lofty strain, Mrs. B. B. Bates turned her attention to the unfortunate boys—down whose dusty faces the tracks of tears were plainly visible.

"I say, ma'am, them boys is too small I've enough young ones of my own, though I'm thankful to say, mine's all girls. Couldn't you send them home, and bring down two of your older children?"

"I have no older children," returned Mrs. Ellerly, meekly.

Mrs. Bates glared at her as if she doubted the truth of this statement. "I s'pose you may as well come up to your room—for I forgot to tell you that I've only one to spare. I'll take care of your trunks."

Our party followed this Amazonian female up to a small room that contained nothing but a bed and a three-legged chair, propped against the wall.

"If you break anything, that will of course come extra," said Mrs. Bates, as she slammed the door upon her wretched boarders.

Kate looked in vain for something to break. Mrs. Ellerly went into hysterics, while the boys cried for bread and butter.

"Let us go home," said Kate.

"We can't," screamed Mrs. Ellerly. "I forgot to mention that I rented the house to the Hopkins' for three months! I thought I'd save so much in that way."

Kate felt stunned.

Somebody called through the key-hole that supper was ready, and the boys precipitated themselves down stairs, followed by their elders at a slower pace. The meal consisted of salt pork and potatoes.

"The boys do not like salt pork," ventured Mrs. Ellerly.

"Oh, indeed!" returned Mrs. Bates, scornfully. "My girls eat it, and are glad to get it. I ain't a-goin' to make no difference for anybody. You've got to be treated strictly as one of the family. I can't break my rules."

The girls were five—of assorted sizes—all with cropped hair, and long blue dresses.

On inquiry, Kate discovered that the "musical instruments" advertised were a fiddle, a cracked flute, and a musical box that wouldn't play. There were no other boarders.

Our party spent a wretched night in their close, little room. At breakfast—tough, salt pork being the piece de resistance—Mrs. Bates announced that all her family were going to meeting, and supposed the strangers wouldn't object to staying at home, and minding the house.

The only church was a long distance away, and as the family had monopolized the "conveyance," to go to the meeting-house, Mrs. Ellerly and Kate were forced to remain. About ten o'clock, the five innocents and Mrs. Bates filed in procession through the field toward the road. Struck by their appearance, Kate drew near the window and Mrs. Ellerly uttered an exclamation of astonishment. And no wonder! Mrs. Bates wore Kate's pet bonnet and one of Mrs. Ellerly's most brilliant dresses, while the "innocents" were decked out in various articles of attire belonging to the boarders.

Filled with consternation, Mrs. Ellerly rushed down to examine the trunks. On the previous evening, she had thoughtlessly left her key in the lock of one of them; and this wholesale appropriation of her contents was the consequence. The young widow was a timid, little woman; but there were objects sacred in her eyes for which she would struggle to the death, and among these were her trunks. When the mistress of the house returned, Mrs. Ellerly met her with an angry brow, demanding how she dared open another person's trunks.

"Am I not to have my little perquisites?" Mrs. Bates condescended to reply, as she threw the bonnet toward its legal owner. "I blush that my innocents should behold such meanness. Remove them old duds immediately, girls! Am I to work my fingers to the bone for strangers without recompense?"

Mrs Ellerly delicately hinted that she had received some recompense.

"Filthy lucre!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates in majestic scorn. "Have we no feelings? Have we no souls?"

Unable to answer these searching questions, the abashed matron left the room.

The whole day was utterly miserable. Late in the evening, Robby, the elder boy, was taken sick. His mother became terribly alarmed as the night wore on, and implored Mrs Bates to send for a doctor; but Sam, who drove the "conveyance" and did the chores, was off on a "spree," and Mrs. Bates, after the insult *she* had received, wouldn't allow anybody belonging to her to go as far as the hill for a doctor at that time of night.

The sick boy would not allow his mother to leave him. Kate thought she knew where the hill was, and throwing on a cloak she started for the doctor's house. She was rather afraid to venture out in the darkness, but she tried not to admit this to herself, and hastened boldly on. She had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when she heard heavy steps behind her. She ran. The steps followed faster but unsteadily. They gained on her, however, and soon a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"I say, stop!" cried Sam's drunken voice. "You're the city gal I've had my eye on. Come along with me; we've got a fandango over there. 'Squire Hodge is drunk, and he's marryin' everybody right and left. Come long, and me and you'll git married. Come long!"

Kate struggled and screamed. The echoes had hardly caught the sound when a man rushed across the road, and with a well-directed blow laid Sam stunned in the dust.

"The scoundrel!" cried a voice she knew well. "Take my arm—"

"Clarence!"

"Is it really you, Kate? Why, I've followed you all the way here to ask you to forgive my nonsensical jealousy. Are you hurt?"

"No—only frightened. Oh, Clarence, my life has seemed very empty without you. Forgive *me!* But I am forgetting the doctor. One of Laura's boys is sick."

"I'll see you home, and fetch the doctor myself."

But they found Robby ravenously devouring his mother's store of biscuits, and the doctor's services were not needed.

"I'm glad you've made it up. There's nothing like a good husband. If my Charlie were alive, I wouldn't have come to this horrid place." And Mrs. Ellerly glanced reproachfully at Kate.

Kate was too happy to heed reproachful glances. The following morning our party, piloted by Clarence Warton, started for Niagara.

"We'll reverse the usual order of these affairs; we'll have the wedding after the tour," Clarence said.

And now Mrs. Bates, with tears in her eyes, tells her neighbors how "her feelings and the feelings of them five innocents were trodden on by a parcel of stuck-up city people." But her neighbors, who know both her and her "cottage" very well, laugh—and only wonder how she is able to play the same cunning and dishonest game year after year.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

H. B., (Pesher's Mills, Tenn.,) asks: "1st. What is meant by the word Hyssop? 2d. What is the plural of tailor's goose? 3d. Where is Pomeroy's paper published now? 4th. What is the meaning of the word Selah? 5th. Where can I get the book entitled Tales of the Ocean, and what is the price? 6th. Who was Henry Clay's Vice, when he ran for President? Please give me his full name? 7th. How is my spelling and writing?" 1st. It is the name of a plant frequently mentioned in the Bible. It was used in ceremonial sprinkling. The blood with which the Israelites sprinkled the lintels of their doors in Egypt, was placed upon Hyssop. 2d. Tailor's geese appears to be considered the correct form of the plural. 3d. In New York. 4th. It is supposed to mean silence, or to signify a pause in the musical performance of a poem, or to call special attention to it. 5th. We do not know the price of the work. Any bookseller can provide you with it. 6th. Theodore Frelinghuysen. We presume you refer to his last candidature. He ran for President three times in all. 7th. Your writing is indifferent. Your spelling and grammatical construction needed to be revised.

S. H. L., (Philada.,) asks: "1st. Do you not think it very hard that a fellow should be wakened at half-past five in the morning by the crowing of a neighbor's cock? What would you do under the circumstances? 2d. I have a twin-sister whom I love very dearly, but who always prefers visiting her relatives to remaining at home. I have offered her every inducement in my power without avail. What would you advise me to do? 3d. There are two young ladies, both of whom are desperately in love with me. What shall I do? I cannot marry both. If I marry one the other will be miserable. If I marry neither both will be so, and I will myself be most unhappy. Please tell me what to do? 4th. What can I do to make myself very fascinating to the ladies?" With such a complication of miseries your best plan might be to commit suicide, and have the French verse you give placed on your tombstone. You are certainly "making your purgatory here." Otherwise: 1st. Wring the cock's neck and go to bed again. 2d. Leave her alone. She may find that an inducement to come home stronger than any other which you can offer. 3d. If one or all must be miserable, let it be one, and make yourself and the other dear creature happy. 4th. You do not seem to need anything in this respect.

G. W., (Penn.,) asks: "Who was Apollo? also Lothaire? What did a young lady mean when she spoke of a young man as 'That Apollo, Mr. ——?' What mineral does the water contain at Saratoga Springs?" Apollo was one of the Grecian deities, who represented the sun. He was considered to be a young man, remarkable for his beauty. Any gentleman who is thought very handsome may be called an Apollo. Lothaire is the title and name of the hero of Disraeli's last novel. There are 23 springs at Saratoga, some containing iron, some iodine, with salts of soda and magnesia, but all highly charged with carbonic acid.

LOT, (Penna.,) writes: "1st. As you appear to know everything, will you please tell me if the Richardson who wrote 'Beyond the Mississippi,' is the same who was famous in the McFarland affair? 2d. In THE POST of March 8th, Queenie asks for the author of the lines,

'Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of time,'—

the rest of the verse is—

'As it flows through this realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
A broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years!'

H. F. Taylor is the author. 3d. What do you think of my handwriting, or what per cent. is it? I append recipe for hard soap, the best I ever saw: 7 lbs. sal soda, 4 lbs. air-slaked lime, 10 gallons soft water. Boil till the lye is clear, pour off; to the clear lye add 9 lbs. clear grease, boil 4 hours and let cool. At end of 2 hours boiling add 1 lb. borax. Hard soap can be made from soft by adding salt; I think 1 pint for about 8 gallons soap. I am not sure as to the quantity." 1st. He was the same person. 3d. You write a moderately good hand. We are obliged for the information you give, and hope it may meet the eyes of our former questioners.

D. V. F., (Mississippi,) asks: "1st. What is meant by a Salvator Rosa scene? 2d. If a gentleman meets a lady on the road, with whom he is unacquainted, is it polite to lift his hat? 3d. When a young gentleman is introduced to a young lady, sitting, ought she to rise and bow, or retain her seat? 4th. For what price, and from whom can I obtain, Darwin's Descent of Man? Ans. I have often heard of 'Lo! the poor Indian,' but have been unable to decide whether it is an expression, or whether there is reference to some particular Indian. 5th. I suppose my list of questions will be incomplete unless I ask how my writing ranks." 1st. Salvator Rosa was an Italian painter, born near Naples, in 1615. His paintings are chiefly scenes of gloomy grandeur. It is to this class of scenery that the phrase refers. 2d. It depends upon where it is—the custom of the country settles such questions. 3d. She should retain her seat. 4th. Write to J. B. Lippincott & Co., or T. B. Peterson & Brothers, booksellers, Philadelphia. 5th. It is an extract from Pope's "Essay on Man." The couplet reads as follows:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind."

6th. You write a good hand.

N. A. C. We know nothing about the place you mention. You had better write to the other address which you give, making enquiry.

HALO, (Highland, Ill.,) writes: "Bear with me for a few questions. Can you tell me the name of a good medical college in Philadelphia? In writing, whom should I address for information concerning said college? What length of time is required to finish the course, and what do you think would be the cost? I ask for the information because I wish to attend some college." The Jefferson Medical College has a good reputation. In writing, address the Dean, "J. B. Biddle, M. D., Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia." The graduate is required to have studied medicine for not less than three years, and to have attended two full winter sessions of lectures in some regular medical school, one of which at least, must have been at this college. The fees will amount to $175.

VOCATINE, (Kate's S. C.,) asks: "In what city or place in the United States is engineering carried to the highest perfection? And where are the most of engines, locomotive or otherwise, built? Is the —— yet published, and at what price? How is my handwriting?" We do not know precisely what you understand by 'engineering.' Philadelphia is the greatest manufacturing city in this country in the building of locomotive engines it has few rivals. We know nothing concerning the paper mentioned. Your handwriting is moderately good.

CONSTANT READER asks: "Will you please inform me in what State Vassar College is? Also, the name and address of its principal? What per cent. is my handwriting?" It is situated at Poughkeepsie, New York. Address President Raymond, Vassar College, &c., for further information. Your handwriting is moderately good, but needs more boldness.

W. H. G., (Sumter, S. C.,) says: "We refer to your discretion another question under this session with us. Is each day of the week observed by some nation, or sect, or tribe, as a Sabbath? as, for instance, the Jews observing Saturday, the Christians Sunday, &c." No—not that we know of; many nations have no Sabbath.

C. W. T., (Princeton, O.,) writes: "Oblige a reader of the Post by answering the following questions: 1st. Is the story, entitled The Swamp Outlaws, published in book form? If so, for what could I get it? 2d. Has a person any right to let his dog run loose in the street without muzzling? 3d. How is my writing, and would it, with practice, do for book-keeping on a small scale?" 1st. It has not been published in book form. 2d. That depends on the law in your locality. It is unlawful here. 3d. It could be made so with careful practice.

M. A. C., asks: "Will you please inform me where the establishment is where they manufacture paper clothing, which Olive King writes of in paper No. 40?" We do not know.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]